

SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE

No.
105

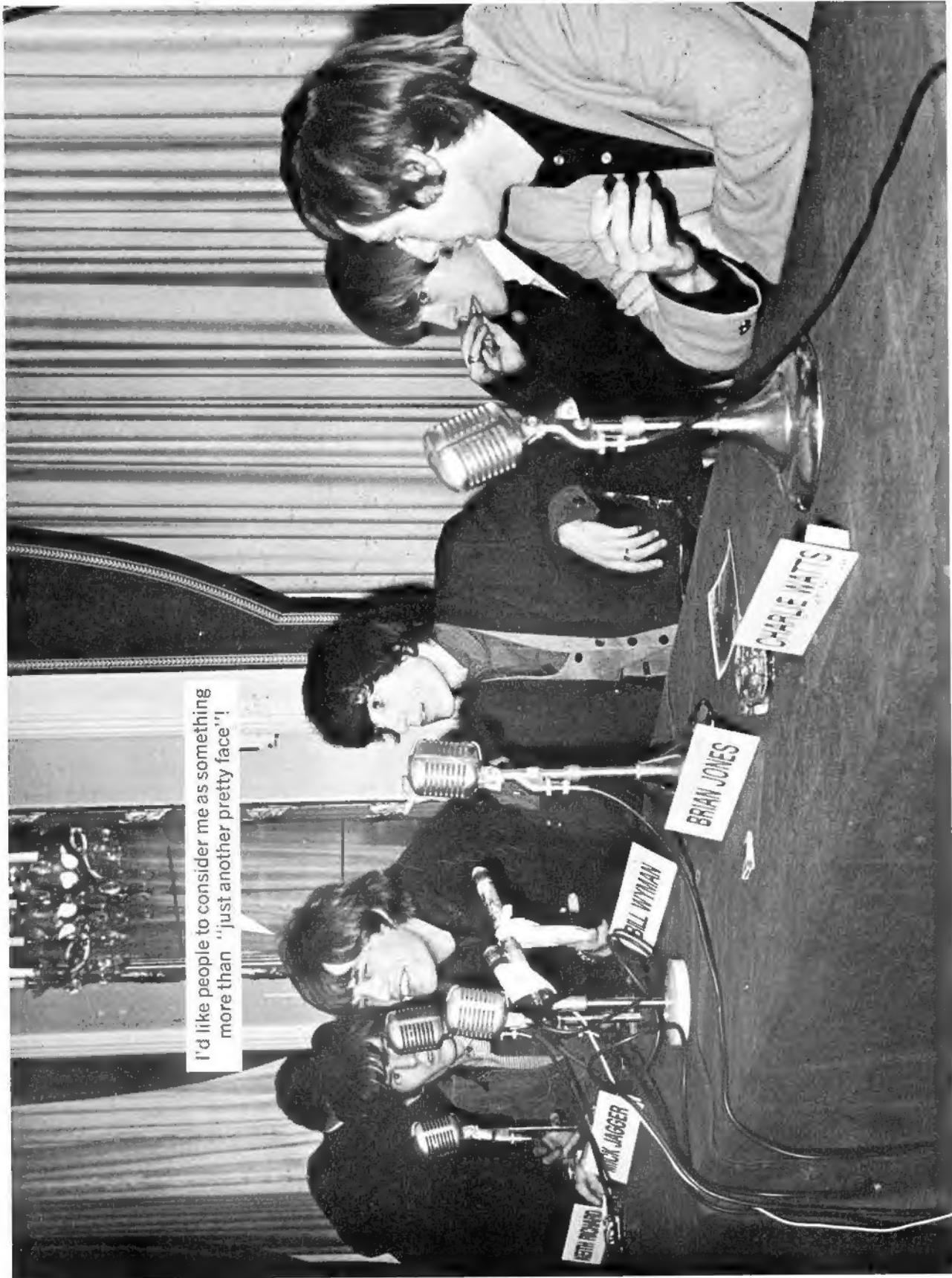
Sept.
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Norman Mingo



I'd like people to consider me as something more than "just another pretty face"!

MAD

"When money talks, nobody criticizes its accent!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

AIDE-DE-"CAMP" DEPARTMENT

Bats-Man 7

BEHIND THE ODD-BALL DEPARTMENT

More "MAD's Modern Believe It Or Nuts" 26

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Traveling 16

CANNED LAUGHTER DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Shut-Ins 40

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

"One Day On The Bridge" 13

"Meanwhile At The Doctor's Office" 23

"Meanwhile At The Sculptor's Studio" 32

DOUBLE EXPOSURE DEPARTMENT

Photos That Prove West Is West & East Is East 4

GIVING 'EM THE DOUBLE-O DEPARTMENT

MAD Licenses 20

INVITATION TO THE DUNCE DEPARTMENT

What Is A Party-Pooper? 24

IRON CURTAIN-CALL DEPARTMENT

The Spy That Came In For The Gold 43

JACKIE-OF-ALL-TRADES DEPARTMENT

If Other Publications Used Movie Mag Cover Gimmicks 27

LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Drawn-Out Dramas by Sergio Aragones **

QUESTIONABLE ENTERTAINMENT DEPARTMENT

Future National Television Tests 14

RANDOM HASH-HOUSE DEPARTMENT

Specialized Cookbooks 38

SLIPPED DISCOTHEQUE DEPARTMENT

Hullabadig Au Go Go 33

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPARTMENT

Horrifying Clichés 30

**Various Places Around The Magazine

VITAL FEATURES

BATS-MAN
(A MAD
TV
SATIRE)
Pg. 7



MAD
"DOUBLE-O
NUMBER"
LICENSES
Pg. 20



WHAT
IS A
PARTY-
POOPER?
Pg. 24



HULLABADIG
AU GO GO
(A MAD
TV SATIRE)
Pg. 33

A
MAD
LOOK AT
SHUT-INS
Pg. 40



THE SPY
THAT CAME
IN FOR
THE GOLD
Pg. 43

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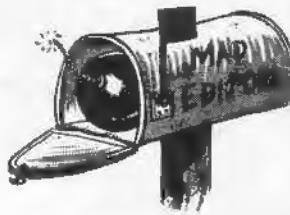
- It's A World, World, etc., MAD
- Raving MAD
- DON MARTIN Steps Out
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LETTERS DEPT.



THE THREE FACES OF MAD

I've never laughed so hard or so much as I did when I read my copy of MAD #103. It is by far the best MAD you've ever produced. Please keep up the good work.

Robin Edinger
Brooklyn, New York

The odor in my room is almost too much for me to bear right now. It all started when I brought my new issue of MAD (#103) into the house. The entire magazine was a waste of time. I get more laughs out of my daily newspaper!

Carol Brauch
Seward, Nebraska

MAD #103 was . . . eh!

Joel Green
Chicago, Ill.

HONEY WASTE

Well, you've done it again! How you pack of morons can consistently come up with marvelous spoofs such as "Honey Waste" is beyond me. This one showed both the best and the worst America has to offer in the field of entertainment. Mainly, the best humorous review of the worst show on TV.

Harvey Krezatz
Buffalo, New York

Your satire on "Honey West" was an "Utter Waste"!

George Bushnell
Santa Ana, California

I just read your MAD satire, "Honey Waste" and I was thoroughly disgusted. "Honey West" is a brilliant detective story and you turned into a sickening flop. This time, MAD goofed!

Shirley Davidson
Irwin, Pennsylvania

We'll send you the hospital bills! We split our sides laughing!

Skip Fickling
Creator of "Honey West"
Laguna Beach, California

I really enjoyed your satire of "Honey West"! Now—how about doing a take-off on "Batman"?

Kevin McCormick
Lakewood, California

No sooner said than done, Kevin. See page 7 of this issue.—Ed.

A REAL "MAD" GAL



Here at the Diller Estate, our canine ("Fang, The Elder") is known as a real "MAD Dog". Every time our subscription copy arrives, he tosses the mailman for it. Best regards to Alfred E. Neuman . . . from one cartoon to another!

Phyllis Diller
Hollywood, Calif.

FATHERS ARE TWO-TIME LOSERS

In reference to your article, "Fathers Are Two-Time Losers" in MAD #103, I would just like to point out that Ralph Kipness is a THREE-time loser . . . mainly because there were no 1971 New Orleans silver dollars minted!

Bob Walsh
San Jose, California

THE AGONY AND THE AGONY

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your treatment of "The Agony and The Ecstasy" in MAD #103, having suffered through the pains of the movie. Your parody version of it was priceless.

Mary G. Waldo
Berkeley, California

Saturday, I saw "The Agony and The Ecstasy" and really enjoyed the Sculpture Review in the beginning and the "When will you make an end" routine. Tuesday, I read MAD's "The Agony and The Agony" and really enjoyed the laughter throughout. Please, don't ever "make an end" to the delight you produce.

Patricia Smith
Dillon, Montana

MIXED-UP MAD

Just a line to tell you how much I love you for continuing to question the shallow and the unfair aspects of our society with a sound mixture of liberal, conservative and middle-of-the-road values wrapped in the fine intellectual tradition of satire.

Elinor Harvin
Detroit, Michigan

THE HYPOCRITE PRIMER

I would like to congratulate you on coming up with such a brilliant article as "The MAD Hypocrite Primer" (#103). I am writing this letter for the sole purpose of commending you for exposing the many hypocritical aspects of modern life. It is heartwarming to see that MAD has become the voice of truth, honor and liberty—leading the people on through the darkness into the light of freedom. Er—by the way, how much do you pay for a printed letter?

Barry Stevens
Winnipeg, Ont. Can.

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

I must compliment Paul Coker Jr. and Phil Hahn for their wonderful "Horrifying Clichés" in the June issue of MAD (#103). The "MAD Beastlies" were very funny, but these make me roll over laughing. Even my father, who needs a really funny joke to laugh heartily, was roaring MADly.

Andy Gallagher
Beaconsfield, Quebec, Can.

Paul Coker and Phil Hahn have created the funniest addition to MAD in years. "MAD Beastlies" were great, but "Horrifying Clichés" is too much!

John Comerford
Lansing, Michigan

HOW DO WE DO IT?

Congratulations on sustaining the most profound mockery of "Madison Avenue" ever! That is, profitably (?) selling a 30¢ magazine without depending on advertising income. How you can exist while passing up the tons of money other magazines haul in from carrying ads is beyond me. You must have a tremendous source of outside capital.

Steve Mackin
Flint, Michigan

Yes, we all "Moonlight" as Garbagemen.—Ed.

NO "JUNK MAIL" LIST

I want to thank you for keeping your list of subscribers the personal property of your publication. My son is a teenager, and really enjoys his subscription to your magazine. Up until the present time, he has received no "junk mail" from any other source. I mention this because my oldest boy once ordered an item from the cover of another magazine, and hardly a day goes by that we do not get mail from every mail order house in the country trying to sell us everything from Auto Insurance to racy movies. When Chris ordered MAD, I was a bit apprehensive, but you have been honorable people and I must compliment you for this.

Mrs. Joseph P. Lane
Pittsburgh, Penna.

You are correct in observing that the list of MAD Subscribers is jealously guarded and that we refuse to sell it to anyone.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD SCHNEIDER—IRVING SCHNEIDER STUDIO

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THE LAST 100 DAYS

were the worst yet for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid! Only four people ordered them at 25¢ each (or 3 for 80¢)! Looks like they're no "best-seller"! So if you'd like to help us win the war on poverty, mail money to: MAD, 850 Third Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10022



DOUBLE-EXPOSURE DEPT.

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD

WEST &

IS WEST!

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL

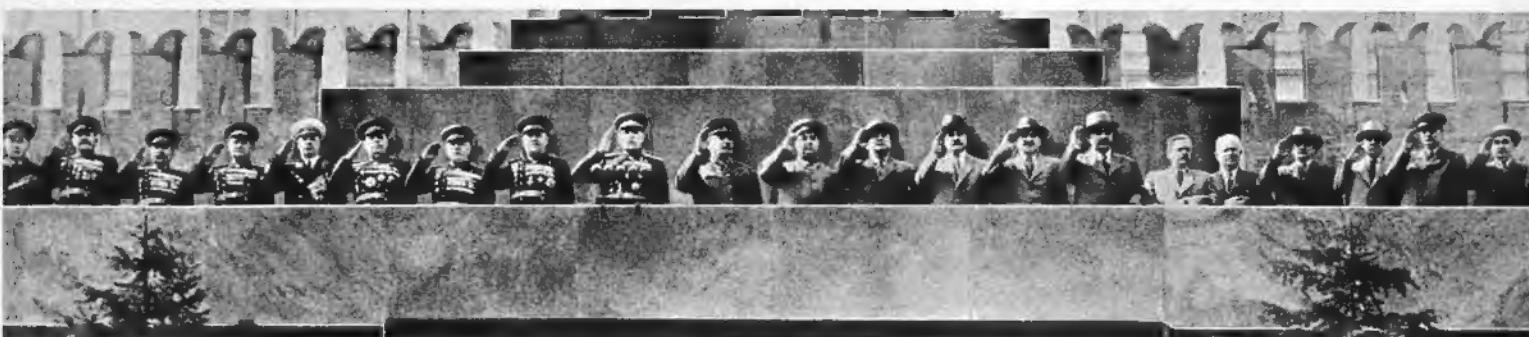


PHOTOS THAT PROVE

EAST

IS EAST!

PHOTOS BY: U.P.I. & WORLD WIDE





AIDE-DE-“CAMP” DEPT.

Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring “The Caped Crusader” and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a “Caped Crusader”? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at “Boy Wonderful” as he is slowly being driven

BATS-MAN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Finster Cleaners? This is Bats-Man! You sent me the wrong costume! What do you mean “You sent it to the ballet school by mistake”? Get it back and send it over to me quick!

You'd sure look ridiculous fighting crime in this outfit, Mr. Swain!

MORT DRUCKER

Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School...

Hi, Zelda. Would you like to go to the dance with me Saturday night?

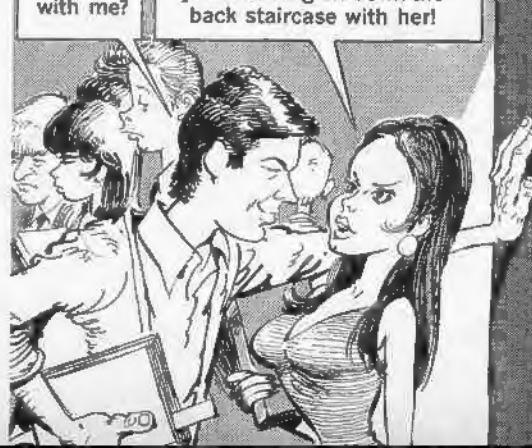
I already have a date with the captain of the ping-pong team! You can't expect a girl to be seen with a non-athletic type like you, Gray Dickson!

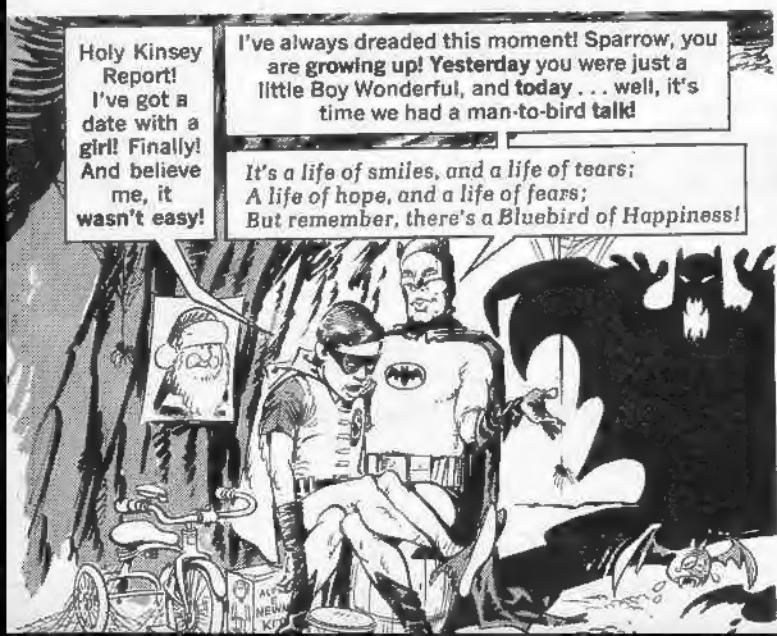
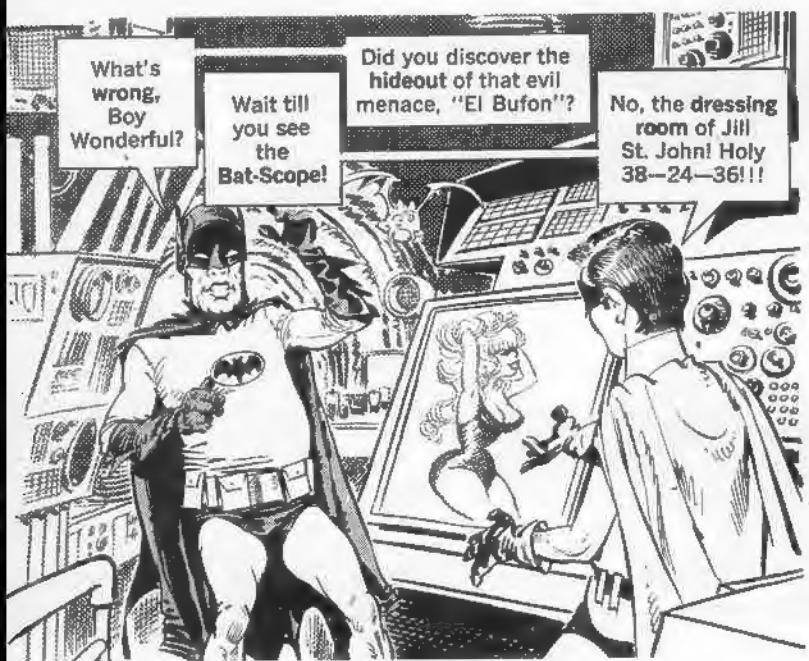
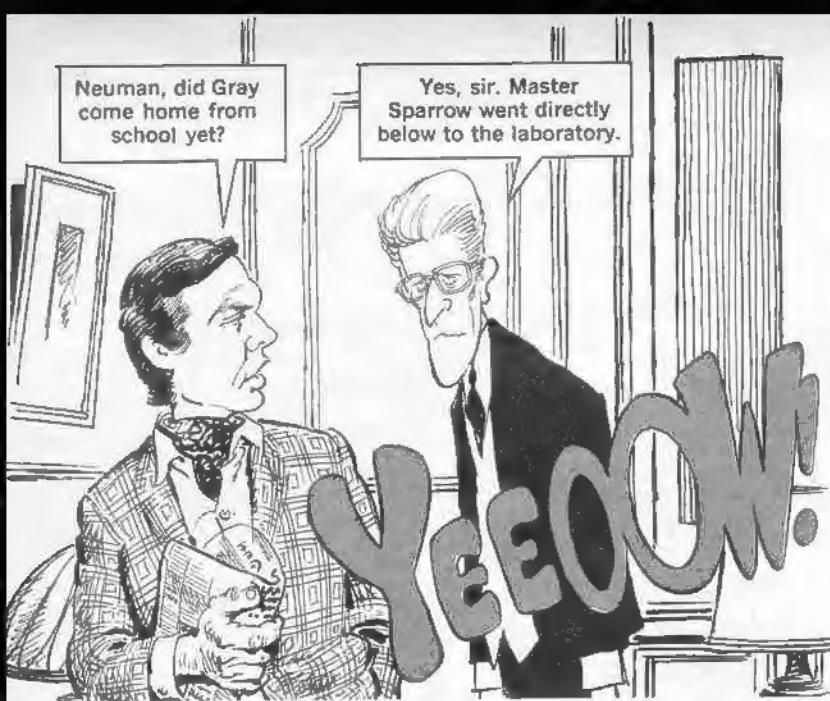
DEAN

Hi, Candy. How about going to the dance with me?

You've got a lot of nerve asking me for a date after what happened the last time I went out with you, Gray Dickson! Ditching me for a middle-aged lady! I saw you sneaking off down the back staircase with her!

Holy Tony Curtis! That was no lady—that was Bats-Man! He came to get me when “The Kibitzer” escaped from jail! This “Boy Wonderful” bit is really lousing up my love life! I'm going to have to straighten a few things out!





Holy Don Ameche!
Some phone! A
direct wire to
the Commissioner's
office!

It just happens that the Commissioner is a very witty conversationalist! And not only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello, Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!



It was the Commissioner! He's bored out of his mind! He said we've been on the air 15 minutes and we haven't had one fight, seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall! Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!

But what
about
my date
tonight?



What's wrong with you kids today? Your date will have to wait until evil and injustice have been erased from Gotham City! And after that, we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel the need for feminine companionship, there's always Aunt Hattie!

Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one lousy night off and he gives me the whole darn Pollyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked for it! There's only one cat sharp enough to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!



Leapin' Lizards! It's Sparrow Versus Bats-Man!

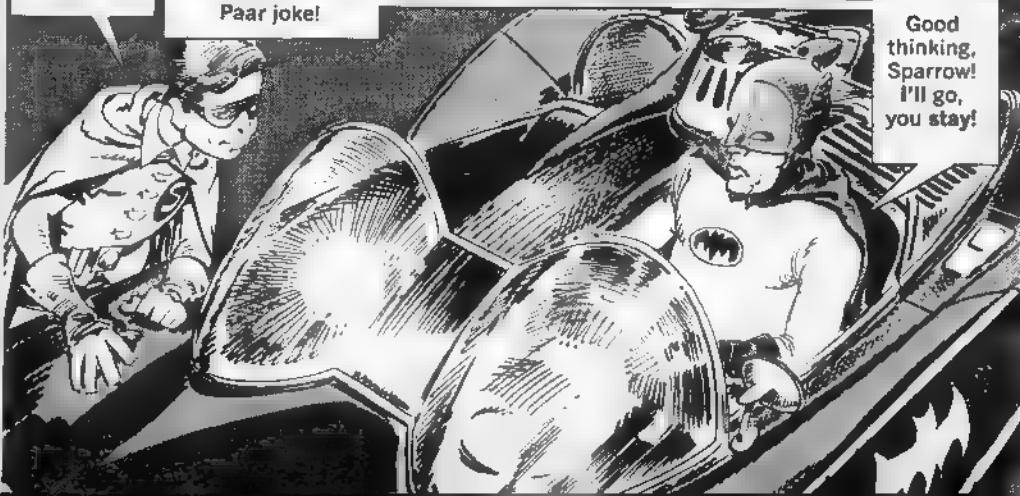
This bomb
attached to the
ignition will
fix his wagon!



The
Bats-Mobile
is all
set to go,
B.M.

I wish you wouldn't
call me that,
Sparrow! It sounds
like an old Jack
Parr joke!

I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap-prone Aunt Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed here to protect her while the other zooms into town in the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—



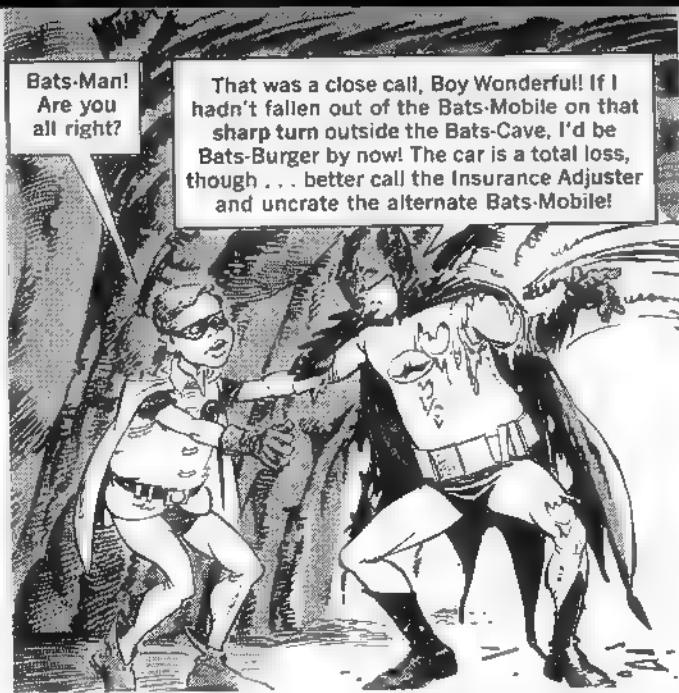
Good
thinking,
Sparrow!
I'll go,
you stay!

That's better. At least now I
look like a normal teenager!
And in a few minutes . . .





**Holy Mushroom
Cloud! Can
That Be The End
Of Bats-Man?!**



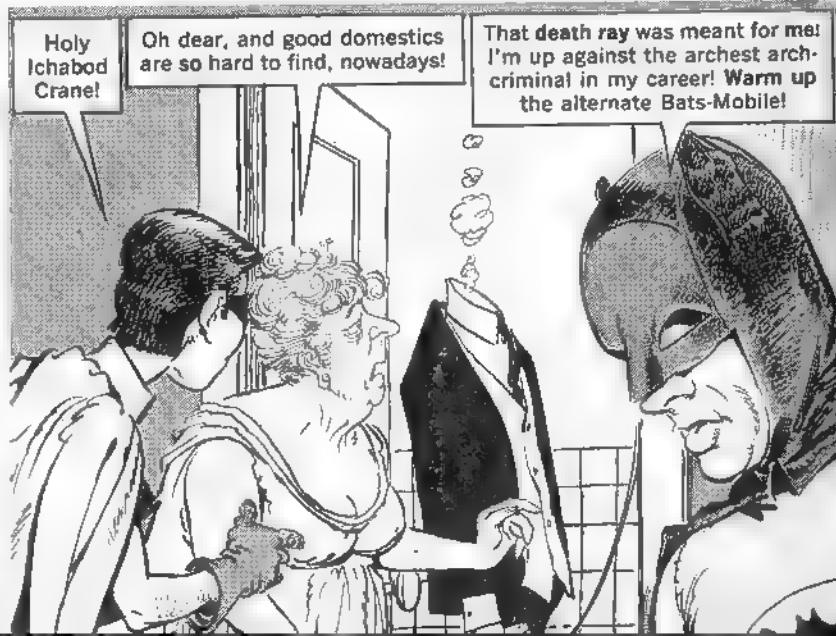
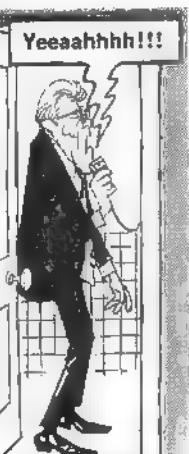
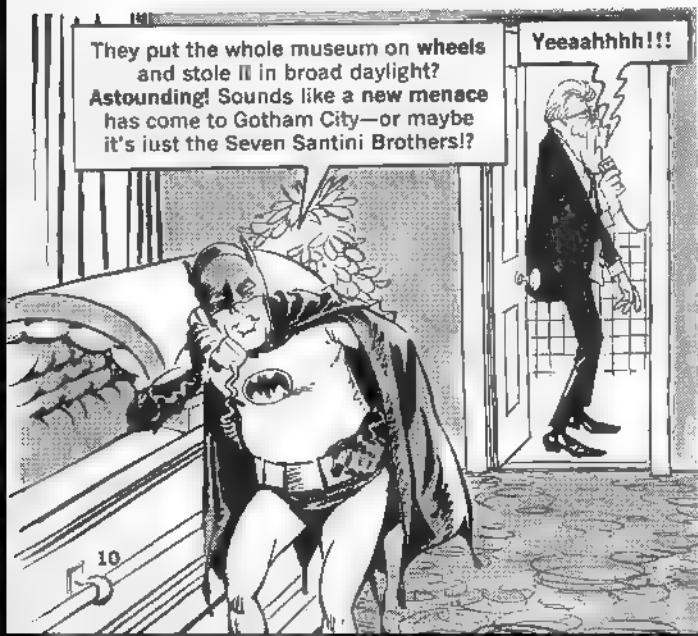
Hmmm . . . getting this Bat off my back is going to be tougher than I figured. But my next idea won't fail!



**Holy Socks!
What
Bird-Brained
Scheme
Is Sparrow
Hatching Now?**



**Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For
Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?**



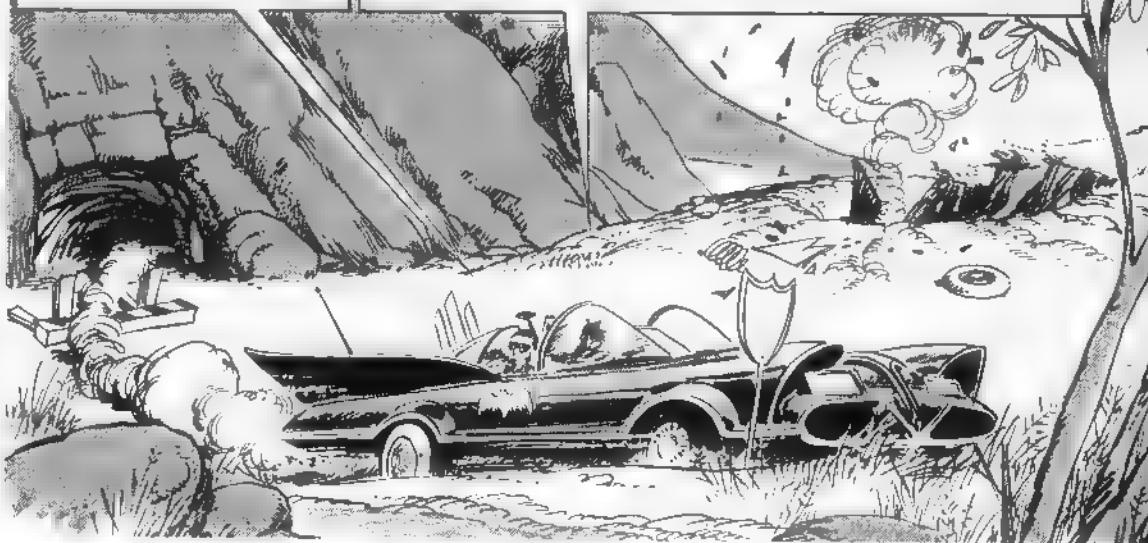
Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!



Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!

Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?

Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!



Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!

Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only **ONE** Bats-Man!

If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!

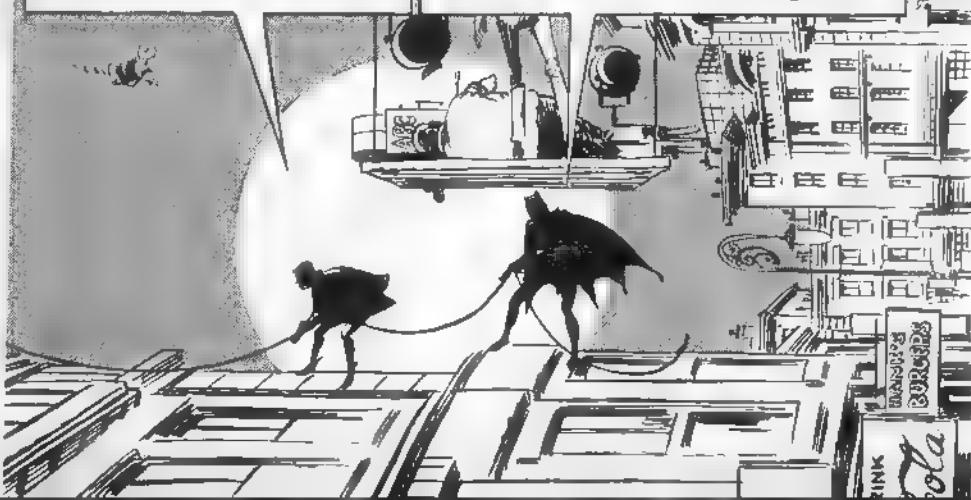
They always are!

Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!



Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where you go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!

Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera sideways to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!



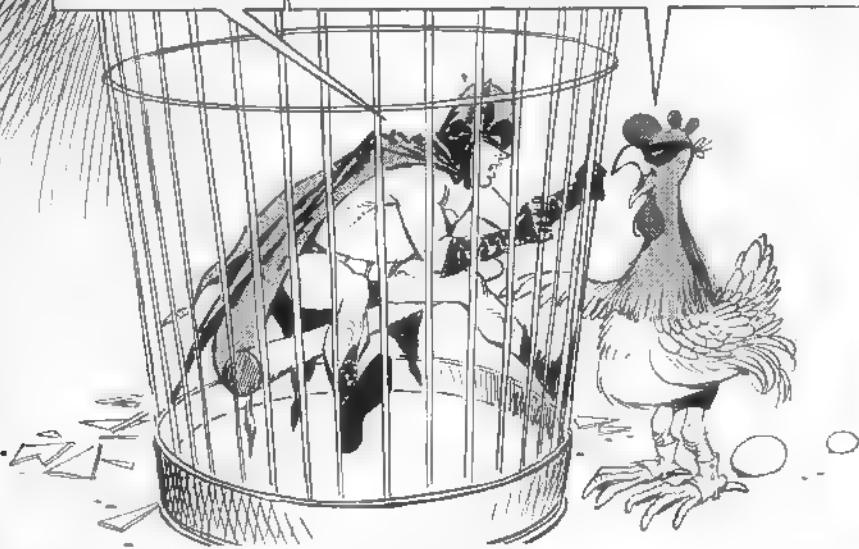
It's a trap!

Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!



What have you
done with Sparrow,
you fiend?

Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only knew! But don't bother to struggle—that cage is escape proof! And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your identity!



Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner?

I was with you all the time! And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?

A lesson I learned from you in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about logic and TV writers? You were right! They have none! That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing street clothes and ending up in the Bats-Cave in full costume! But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! Finished!

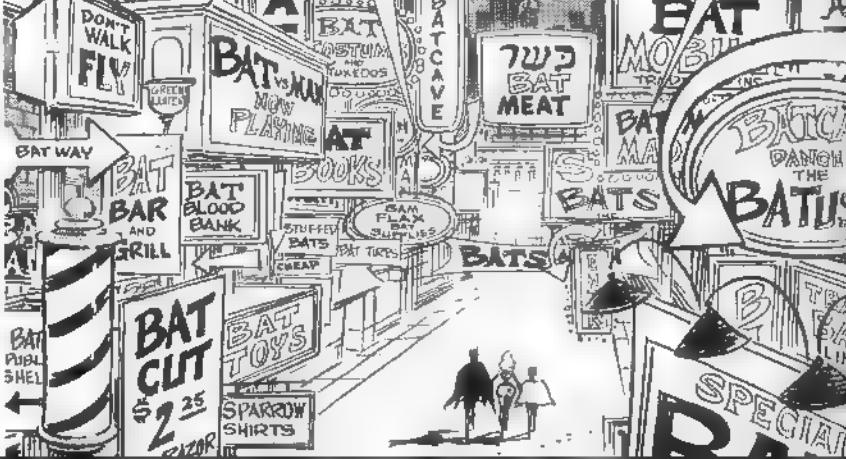


Then along came "Bats-Man" and the industry made a revolutionary discovery. Give the "in" group garbage—make the show bad enough and they'll call it "camp" and stay glued to their sets!

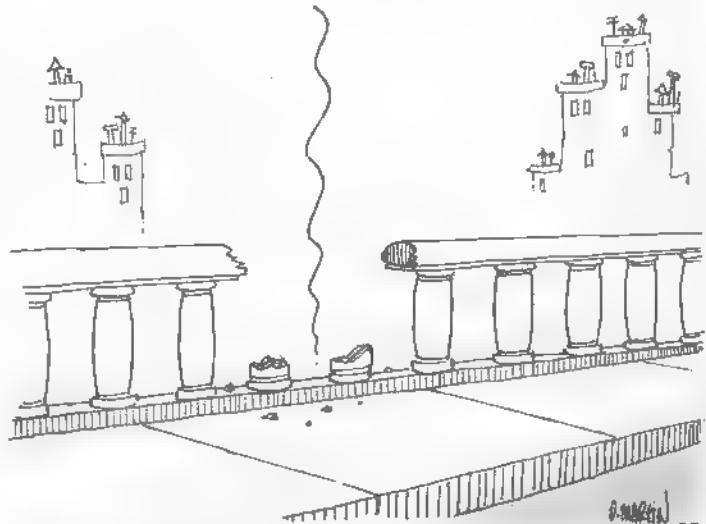
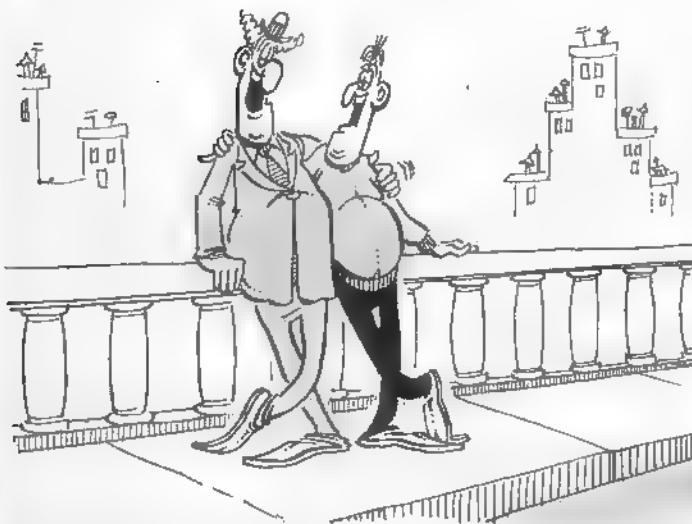
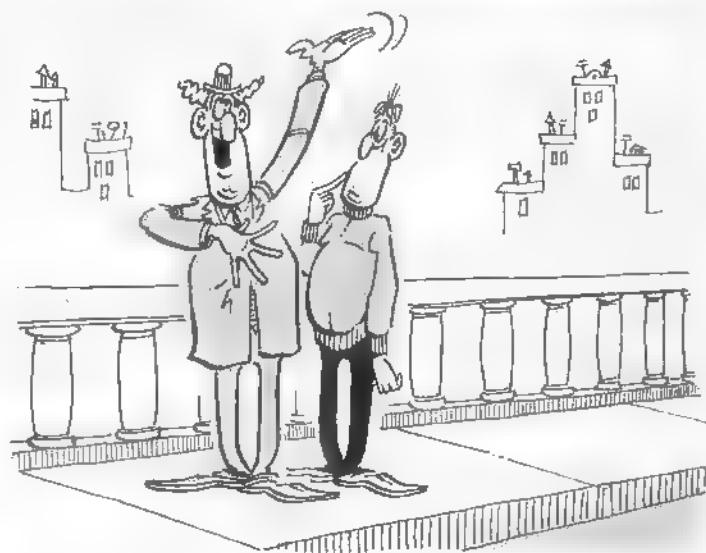
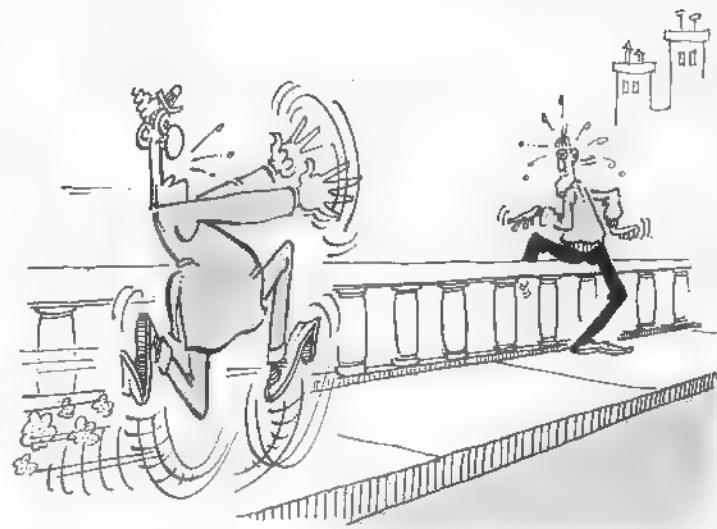
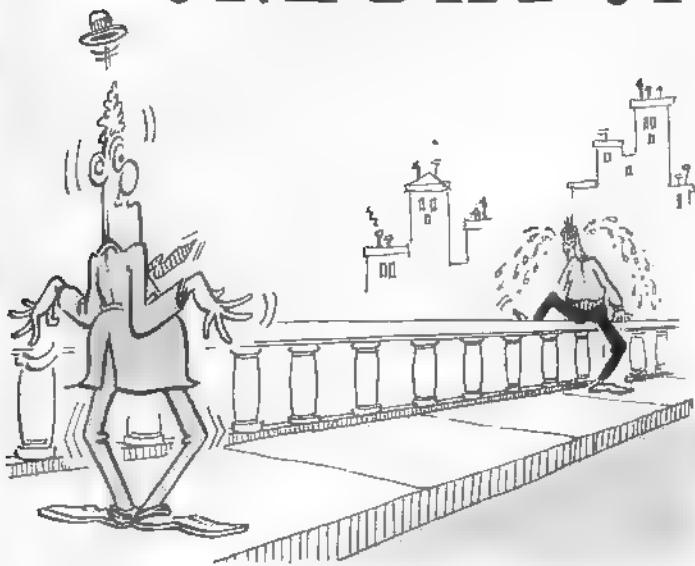
Holy Nielsen!
You mean the
swingers are
really squarer
than the
squares?

Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we laugh too—all the way to the bank! And about your little problems, Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a Bluebird of Happiness? Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's fringe benefits! Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?

I dig,
Bats-Man,
I dig!
Yeah!
Yeah!
YEAH!



ONE DAY ON THE BRIDGE



You really can't depend on it, but every once in a while Television comes up with something exciting —like for instance the widely-acclaimed "National Driver's Test." However, this resulted in something you really *can* depend on—mainly that Television always takes anything that is widely-acclaimed and

FUTURE NATIONAL

THE NATIONAL TEENAGER'S PARENTS TEST

1. At what age should you tell your child about "the birds and the bees"?

- (a) 12 years old
- (b) 14 years old
- (c) 16 years old

ANSWER: (a) You should tell your child about "the birds and the bees" when he is about 12 years old. However, you should tell your child about "sex" when he's a lot younger, or he's bound to find out for himself.

2. At what time should you expect a teenage boy to come home if he has school the next day?

- (a) 9:00 P.M.
- (b) 10:00 P.M.
- (c) 11:00 P.M.

ANSWER: (b) You should expect him home at 10:00 P.M. However, you should not be surprised if he shows up at 1 or 2:00 P.M.

3. A 14-year-old boy is old enough to be forced to take a job.

- (a) True
- (b) False

ANSWER: (b) False. It is not fair to expect a boy of 14 to get a job. This is an important time in a boy's life, when he should be outdoors, running and swimming and playing. Of course, it is perfectly normal for you to insist that he do little things around the house, like mowing the lawn, painting the garage, taking out the garbage, simonizing the car, sanding and varnishing the floors, remodeling the basement, shopping, cooking, cleaning, sewing, baby-sitting, etc., etc.

4. Giving a child blocks to play with will help him face life as an adult.

- (a) True
- (b) False

ANSWER: (a) True. Especially if you give blocks around Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

5. Petting should be discouraged among teenagers.

- (a) True
- (b) False

ANSWER: (a) False. As a matter of fact, teenagers should even be encouraged to play with their dogs. Not only petting, but fetching, rolling over, sitting up, etc. can be stimulating and helpful in developing

THE NATIONAL TEENAGER TEST

1. A teenage boy promises to pick up a girl at 8:00 P.M. He should actually arrive at her house at:

- (a) 8:00 P.M.
- (b) 8:30 P.M.
- (c) 9:00 P.M.

ANSWER: (a) is correct. If he says 8:00 P.M., he should arrive at 8:00 P.M. He should arrive, however, with several good books, a few crossword puzzles and some magazines to help pass the time while waiting for her.

2. You are a teenage girl, and Friday night is the "big dance". No one has asked you. As a matter of fact, every time a boy comes up to you, he suddenly turns his head and walks away. You should:

- (a) Not go to the dance, and spend the evening fretting.
- (b) Ask your best friend what's wrong with you.
- (c) Have your brother or cousin take you.
- (d) Get some of that good-tasting "red stuff".

ANSWER: (d) Get some of that good-tasting "red stuff". A quart of Gallo or Thunderbird, chug-a-lugged, should help you forget about that crummy dance completely.

3. John wants to show the best possible manners to his new girl. After picking her up in front of her home, he opened the door and let her go in first, then he closed the door, walked around to the other side, and got in himself. This showed good manners.

- (a) True
- (b) False

ANSWER: (a) True. Actually, this did show good manners. However, if everyone did this, bus service would be slowed down considerably.

4. A newly-married teenage couple should let their parents visit:

- (a) Twice a week
- (b) Once a week
- (c) Every other week
- (d) Once a month

ANSWER: (a) A newly-married teenage couple should let their parents visit at least twice a week. After all, it is the parents' house.

beats the idea to death! Which is why the "National Driver's Test" was followed by the "National Citizenship Test," the "National Health Test," the "National Honesty Test" and the "National Income Tax Test." Which is why we feel that it won't be long before we'll turn on our sets and find these

TELEVISION TESTS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NATIONAL CITY-DWELLER'S TEST

1. How much rent would you expect to pay for a decent three-room apartment in a big city?

- (a) \$100 a month
- (b) \$200 a month
- (c) \$300 a month

ANSWER: (a), (b) & (c) are all correct. Not individually, but added together. Yes, \$600 a month is what a decent apartment rents for in a big city . . . unless, of course, you want to spend even more for "extras" like windows and doors and a wall to divide your apartment from the one next to you.

2. At Christmas, you should give money to:

- (a) The Superintendent
- (b) The Mailman
- (c) The Doorman
- (d) None of the above

ANSWER: (d) You are not obliged to give money to people like those listed above at Christmas time. The fool who does merely wants to avoid (a) being evicted, (b) having his mail thrown down a sewer, and (c) suffering a broken nose from having the front door slammed in his face.

3. If your neighbors are noisy late at night, you should:

- (a) Call your neighbors
- (b) Report them to the police
- (c) Turn up your TV set
- (d) Do nothing

ANSWER: (a) You should call your neighbors. Some of the things you can call them are: "#%#@*%!" — "&%\$#@+%" — and "%&*#@#".

4. You should complain to your landlord if the temperature in your apartment falls below:

- (a) 60 degrees
- (b) 50 degrees
- (c) 40 degrees

ANSWER: You can complain to your landlord if the temperature falls below (a) 60 degrees. You can also complain if it falls below (b) 50 degrees. You can even complain if it falls below (c) 40 degrees. It won't do you any good. Landlords don't care what the heck temperature you complain at. They never listen.

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION VIEWER'S TEST

1. Huntley and Brinkley are:

- (a) Newscasters
- (b) Comedians
- (c) Brothers

ANSWER: We thought we'd start off this test with a real easy one. Of course, the answer is (b) Comedians, since the networks have been trying to make the news funnier and funnier lately.

2. The Ed Sullivan Show has been entertaining television viewers on Sunday evenings for 15 years now.

- (a) True
- (b) False

ANSWER: (b) False. Although the Ed Sullivan Show has been on for 15 years, and is televised on Sunday evenings, the "key word" in this trick question is "entertaining".

3. 90% of all prime time TV shows are in:

- (a) Black & white
- (b) Color
- (c) Bad taste

ANSWER: (b) Color. (Editor's Note to the millions who wrote (c): We feel a joke is a joke, and a lawsuit is a lawsuit!)

4. If you want real action, the show to watch is:

- (a) The Man From U.N.C.L.E.
- (b) Batman
- (c) Hullabaloo

ANSWER: This question cannot be answered with a simple (a), (b) or (c). It would depend on your definition of "action". For example, if you wanted to see violence and fistfights and knifings and screaming, you would, of course, pick (c) Hullabaloo.

5. The most talented man on TV is:

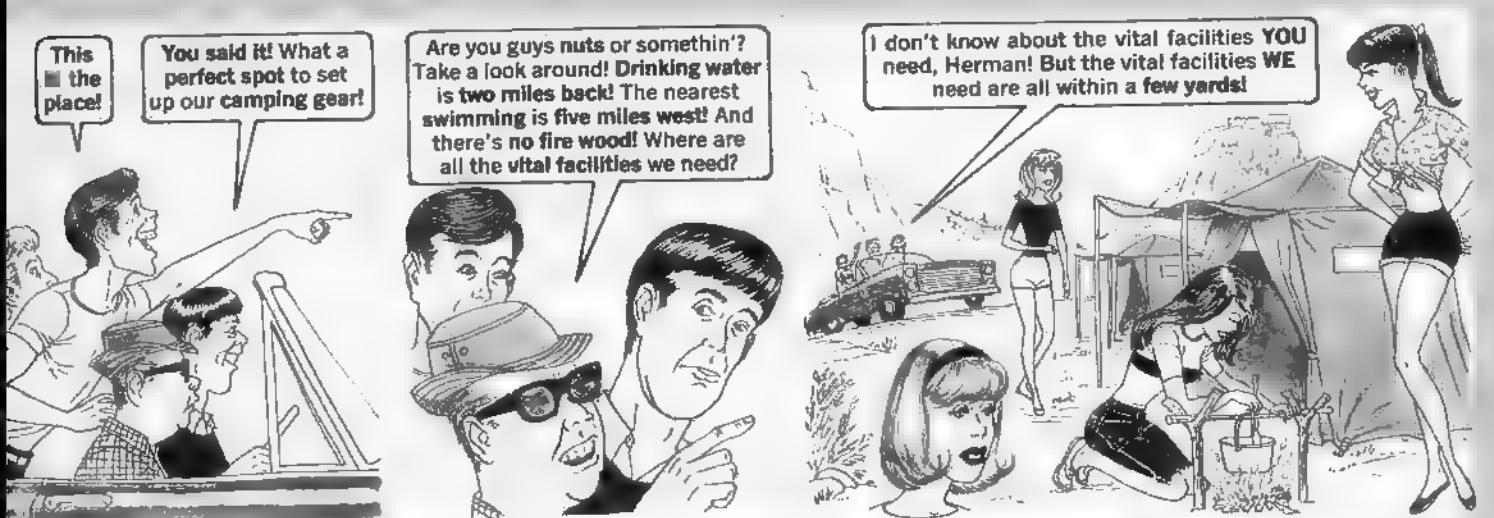
- (a) Lawrence Welk
- (b) Durward Kirby
- (c) Allen Ludden
- (d) Bert Parks

ANSWER: False.



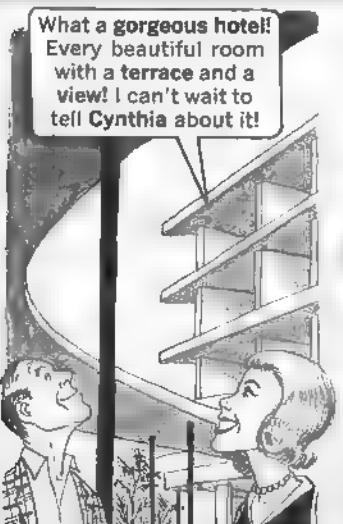
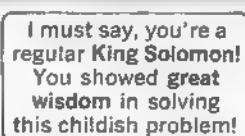
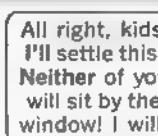
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

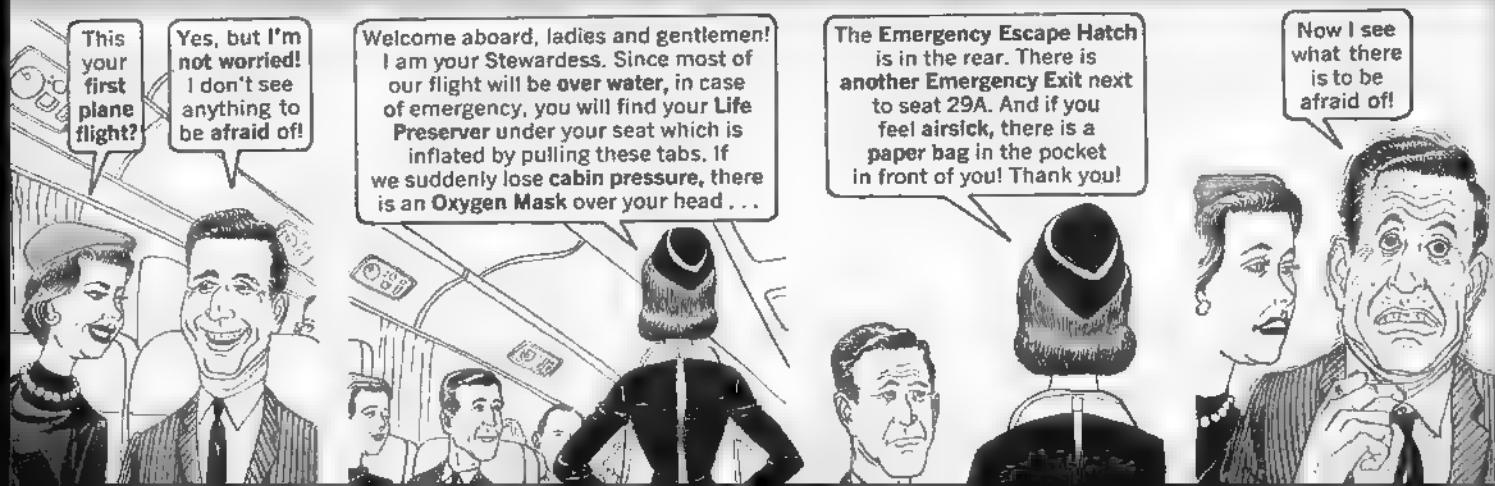
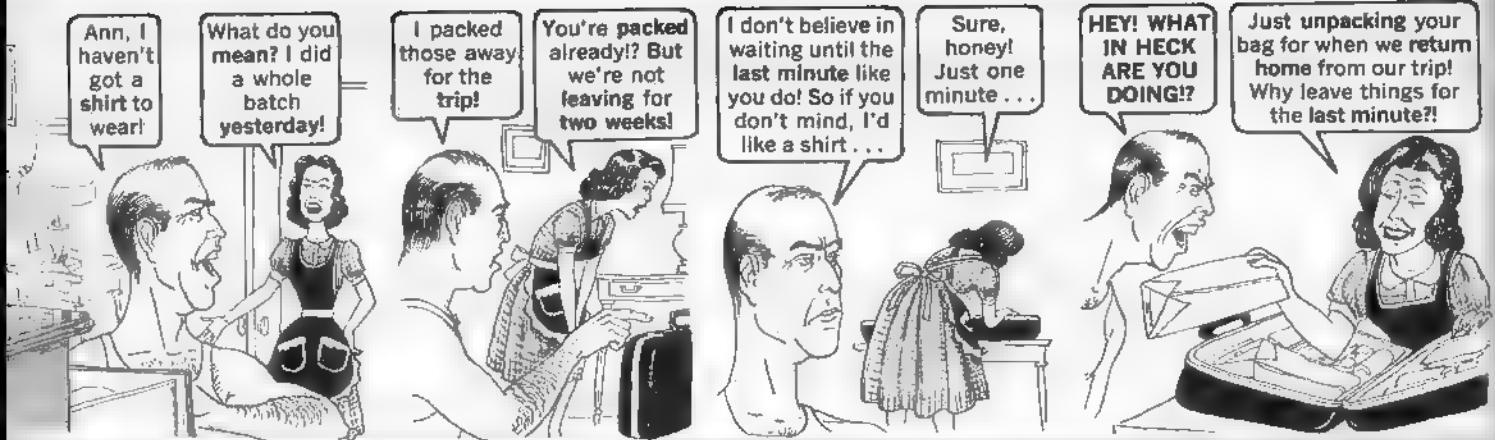
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

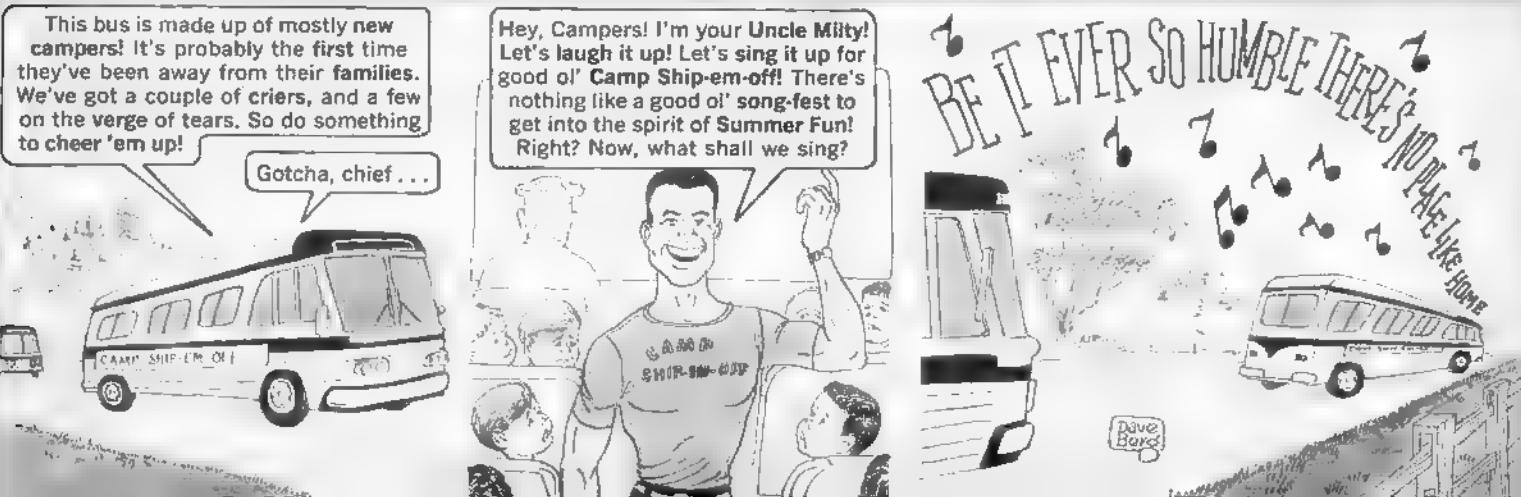
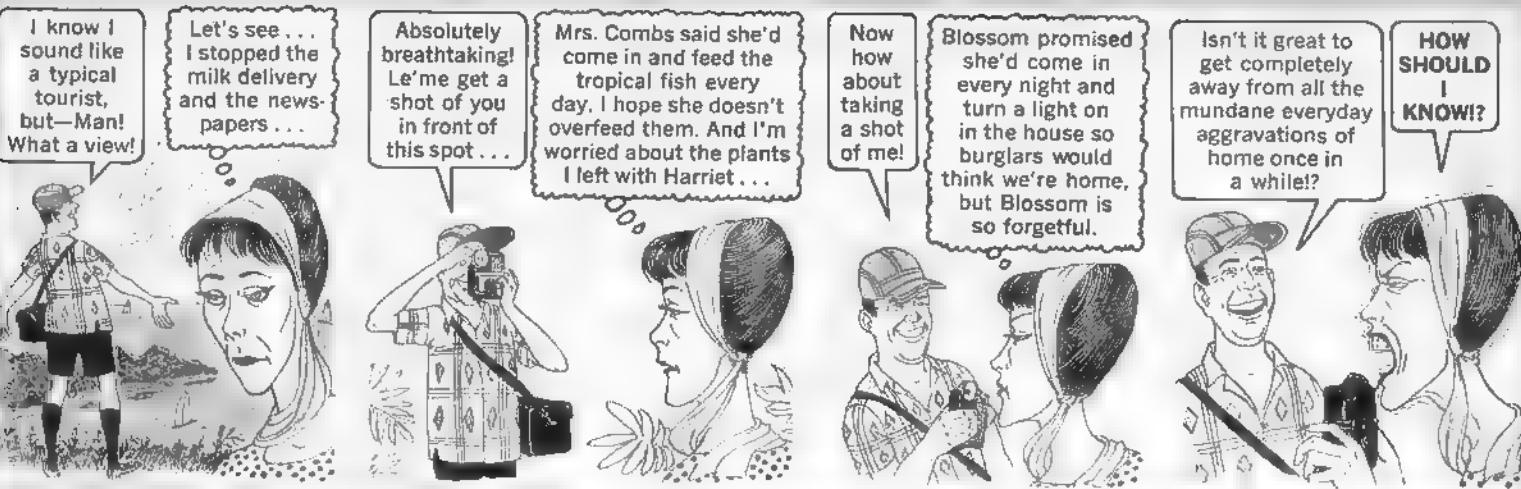


TRAVELING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG







GIVING 'EM THE DOUBLE-O DEPT.

007
LICENSE TO KILL
ISSUED TO
JAMES BOND
SECRET AGENT

Reposing special confidence in the discretion of the Agent hereupon designated, Her Most Gracious Majesty, by virtue of Her Royal Proclamation, does herewith license the said Agent to exercise such mayhem and bodily restraint upon any of her enemies in such manner and with sufficient rigor as may result in their ultimate and final demise.

001
LICENSE TO COAST
Issued To
JACKIE GLEASON
Former Funny Man

This license entitles the holder to rest on his laurels, having presented tired routines and vintage jokes, and generally shown his contempt for America's sense of humor while allowing his great talent to remain hidden.



This is James Bond's "007—License To Kill". Who gave it to him? We have no idea, but he's got it. And so he can go around killing anyone he wants any time that he wants. Which is okay with us, providing he has that license. Mainly because we think this licensing idea is a good one. In fact, we'd like to carry it a step further, and issue these . . .

003
LICENSE TO BORE
Issued To
DEAN RUSK
Secretary Of State

This license entitles the bearer to impress people as being unbelievably dull and uninspired, thereby matching our U.S. Foreign Policy. It further permits him to speak without moving a muscle—or the world leaders who are listening to him, for that matter.



005
LICENSE
TO SHAME

Issued To
THE BEVERLY
HILLBILLIES
Ambassadors of
American Culture



Licensees are permitted to perform their idiocies on TV screens all over the world, thereby damaging beyond repair the image of America and giving the peoples of foreign countries the impression that we are undeniably a nation of morons and cretins.





001 LICENSES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: STAN HART

002



LICENSE TO NAUSEATE

Issued To
DORIS DAY

Rapidly Aging Movie Star

Holder of this license is entitled to act like an over-ripe teenager, and to run from romantic entanglements unless and until the pursuer comes across with the wedding ring. This is, of course, less of a tribute to the licensee's virtue, and more of a tribute to her basically shrewd commercial instincts.



004
LICENSE TO AMAZE

Issued To
DURWARD KIRBY
All-Around TV
Something-Or-Other



006
LICENSE TO BE PRETENTIOUS

Issued To
HUGH M. HEFNER
Editor, Publisher and Poolroom Philosopher



As a self-appointed expert, by way of being the publisher of a pseudo-intellectual sex magazine, the licensee is permitted to make personal appearances to expound an endless cliché philosophy dealing with sex, mores and other things that may gross his mind. This license, therefore, allows him to feel just like Friedrich Nietzsche—while sounding exactly like Donald Duck!



LICENSE TO BE IN SIGNIFICANT

Issued To
HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
Reputed-To-Be
Vice President Of The U.S.

So that the bearer may be entitled to make personal appearances that go unnoticed, make speeches that go unheard, and hold Press Conferences that go unattended, MAD is proud to issue this license to what's-his-name.



008

LICENSE TO BE OVERBEARING

Issued To
JERRY LEWIS
Master Of Subtlety

Holder of this license is allowed to make jokes in any area, regardless of taste, and to assume that the world awaits with bated breath his very appearance so that he can feel obliged to perform as something other than what he became famous for . . . an idiot.



00 $\frac{1}{2}$ LICENSE TO DISGUST

Issued To
THE DOUBLEMINT SINGING KIDS
Some Idiot's Idea Of Typical American Teenagers



This licensed pair is permitted to act so clean and so wholesome and so antisepic while singing off-key as to make TV viewers throw shoes at their TV screens before ultimately throwing up.



000

LICENSE TO STEAL

Issued To
WILLIAM M. GAINES
Publisher Of MAD

This license permits the holder ■ ask the ridiculous sum of 30¢ for a collection of inane articles like this one, and also allows him to ask the even more ridiculous sum of 50¢ when such garbage is reprinted.



MEANWHILE AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE



WHAT IS A PA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

BETWEEN THE TIME the first guests arrive, and the time the last coat is removed from the host's bed, every gathering is guaranteed to be infiltrated by a square peg in the social circle called a "Party-Pooper." A Party-Pooper is the catalyst that binds together diverse elements and motivates everyone to go home by 10:15. Party-Poopers poop parties in a variety of ways . . . but there are two main social blunders they invariably commit: (1) Showing up, and (2) Staying.

PARTY-POOPERS ARE USUALLY found in almost every room of the house except where the party is. Some barricade themselves in the kitchen, where they monopolize the prettiest girl in the crowd for the entire evening by threatening to throw her car keys down the Disposall. Others retire to the den, searching for something interesting to read . . . in the desk drawers. And one is always on the Princess phone in the master bedroom, dialing the recorded weather forecast number . . . in Anchorage, Alaska.

EVEN WHEN A PARTY-POOPER joins the group, he never quite gets with it. He's the one who becomes so convulsed while repeating a Bennett Cerf witticism that he falls into the hors d'oeuvres. He's the one who interrupts conversations about "Peyton Place" to explain the Farm Subsidy Program. And he's the one who insists on demonstrating, unsuccessfully, how the host's electrical wiring can be tied to a neighbor's meter.

APARTY-POOPER LIKES TO: tell long pointless jokes in dialect, rummage through refrigerators, do card tricks, reminisce over trips to the dentist, perform on the kazoo, wear a tie clip that squirts ammonia, and stand on the sofa to supervise the choosing of teams for word games he's suggested playing. A Party-Pooper does not particularly like discussions of: popular movies he hasn't seen, popular books he hasn't read, popular people he doesn't know, or popular issues he hasn't heard about.

IN A WAY, it's a pity on a Party-Pooper. He bathes with *Dial*, shampoos with *Head and Shoulders*, sprays on *Ban*, brushes with *Colgate*, gargles with *Listerine* and grooms with *VO-5*. Then he sets forth to infect the *Pepsi Generation* with a *Carter's Little Liver Pill* personality.



PARTY-POOPER?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PARTY-POOPERS PUSH HOSTESSES to the brink of distraction, and uncooperative blondes to the brink of 19th floor apartment terraces. They have a knack for putting to sleep every guest on the scene while they're waking up every baby on the block. Once they're invited to a party, they never break their promise to come . . . and once they come, they never fail to break everything else.

STILL, PARTY-POOPERS POSSESS a spirit of generosity that drives them to share what they have with others. They bring: casseroles of health food to dinner parties, French post-cards to children's parties, loaded cameras to office parties, Presbyterian ministers to stag parties, and jilted girl friends of the groom to wedding parties.

BUT PARTY-POOPERS ARE NOT REALLY sadistic or cruel or destructive. There is nothing sadistic about bringing a stack of Judy Canova records . . . if nobody has to listen to them. There is nothing cruel about carrying around a stamp album . . . if nobody has to marvel at the set of Liechtenstein airmails. And there is nothing destructive about ringing a doorbell . . . if nobody answers it to let in the Party-Pooper with his Judy Canova records and his stamp album.

MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, THOUGH! Party-Poopers always manage to get into parties somehow . . . to race from room to room, strangling merriment with their own bare personalities. But after the party runs out of cheese dip and ice cubes and ginger ale, because the Party-Pooper fed the cheese dip to the cat and threw the ice cubes in the toilet and poured the ginger ale into the fish tank . . . and after the guests have learned that six Wedgwood cups cannot be balanced on a broom handle, and a Great Dane loses his sweet disposition when a bird cage is tied around his neck, and it's much easier to take a priceless model ship out of a bottle than to put it back in . . . and after the conviviality has sunk into a terminal coma and expired from acute boredom, you can bet that the Party-Pooper will be the only one who doesn't know he killed it simply because he was there. And come next Saturday night, he'll be ringing the doorbell of another victim, and shattering the night air with his familiar, cheery cry:

"HEY, WHERE'S THE PARTY?"



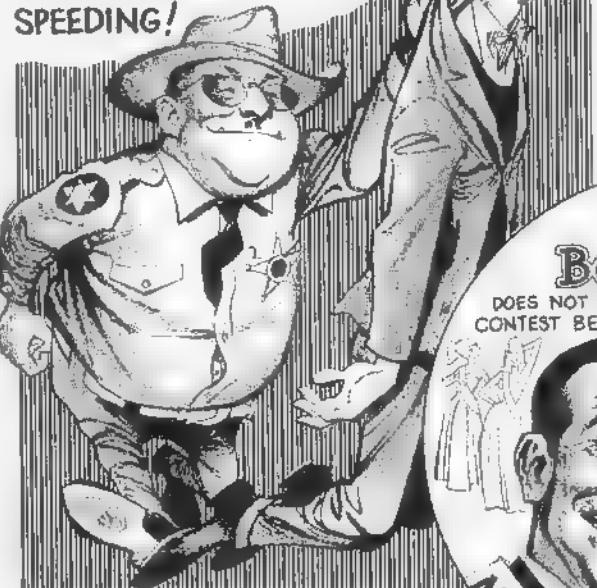
BEHIND THE ODD BALL DEPT.

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

LEWIS CHATTERLY,

a New Yorker,
WAS PASSING THROUGH A SMALL
TOWN IN GEORGIA TRAVELING AT
8 MILES PER HOUR ... AND YET...

WAS GIVEN A TICKET FOR
SPEEDING!



WE KNOW THIS IS NOT SO UNUSUAL! ALMOST EVERYONE
FROM NEW YORK TRAVELING THROUGH SMALL TOWNS
IN GEORGIA AT 8 MPH IS GIVEN A TICKET FOR SPEEDING.
WHAT'S AMAZING ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR INCIDENT IS
LEWIS WAS WALKING AT THE TIME!

LES CRANE,

POPULAR
TV ENTERTAINER
AND HOST OF HIS OWN
NETWORK TELEVISION SHOW

DID NOT
START OUT ON HIS
CAREER AS AN
NBC PAGE BOY!



HOWEVER, AS A RESULT OF THE
RATINGS OF HIS LAST SHOW, HE IS
CURRENTLY WORKING AS AN NBC PAGE BOY!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

A "PRINCESS PHONE"

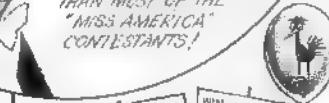
THAT DOESN'T SHAKE AND FALL OFF THE
TABLE WHEN IT RINGS OR WHEN YOU DIAL IT
is owned by MR. D. AMECHE of Hazelton, Pa.

Contrary to Popular Belief,

Bert Parks

DOES NOT EMCEE THE "MISS AMERICA"
CONTEST BECAUSE HE SINGS SO WELL!

HE'S CALLED BACK YEAR
AFTER YEAR BECAUSE
HE'S MUCH PRETTIER
THAN MOST OF THE
"MISS AMERICA"
CONTESTANTS!



THAT'S BECAUSE THE PHONE IS NAILED DOWN!
MR. AMECHE HIMSELF, HOWEVER, SHAKES AND FALLS OFF
THE TABLE AT THE END OF EVERY MONTH WHEN
HE SEES HIS BILL FOR THE "PRINCESS PHONE"!

RONALD ALLEN MURPHY

RAN FOR A CONGRESSIONAL SEAT IN THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA..... AND YET...
WAS NOT A FORMER SONG AND DANCE
MAN, MOVIE CELEBRITY, AUTHOR
OR COMEDIAN!



RONALD LOST BY A LANDSLIDE!

JACKIE-OF-ALL-TRADES DEPT.

If you've been watching the covers of Movie Magazines on the newsstands lately, you're probably aware that they all look something like this...



When you get right down to it, all Movie Magazine covers are composed of two basic ingredients: (1) Wild and sensational story-titles, most of which are misleading and/or phony; and (2) Come-on articles and photos dealing with—of all people—JACKIE KENNEDY! Apparently, in the eyes of Movie Magazine editors, Jackie hasn't suffered enough in her life time. Now she is forced to undergo the indignity of seeing photos and idiotically-contrived stories about her in every Film Fan Publication in the country. Which got us to thinking: Since Movie Mags have found the magic success formula, isn't it a matter of time before all the other magazines latch on to the same formula? Here, then, is what we can expect...

**IF OTHER PUBLICATIONS USED THOSE
SENSATIONAL MOVIE MAG COVER GIMMICKS
(INCLUDING THE SHAMELESS EXPLOITATION OF JACKIE KENNEDY)**

"Don't Let Them Make Me Have THAT Operation!" Pleads Lassie

Pet World

July
1966
35¢

An Open Letter To JACKIE KENNEDY:

"You'd Be A Fool To
Become A Playboy Bunny!"

"THE AFFAIR I SWORE I
WOULD NEVER TALK ABOUT!"
by Mr. ■■■

"James Dean ■ Dead—
But Checkers Lives!"
A New Memory Cult Is Born

CHEETAH:

"Forget My Name! I'm
■ One-Woman Monkey!"

"Hibernating... Nah!"
The Naked Truth About
Those Long Winters In
Smokey The Bear's Cave

"MY LIFE AND LOVES"
FROM THE NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF RIN TIN TIN AS
TOLD TO FLIPPER



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

JULY 1966

VOL 129 NO 6

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC



THE MAU MAU WHO STOLE JACKIE KENNEDY'S HEART 762
THE ESKIMO SEXPOT LOWELL THOMAS IS
TRYING TO FORGET 770
WHY RANDI PAAR IS ON AN OLDER PIGMY KICK 774
THE ONE RUMOR "RANDI" CAN'T DENY:
"MCNAULY" WANTS OUT! 777
IS WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT STANLEY
AND LIVINGSTONE TRUE? 781
THE STRANGE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN
FRANK BUCK AND GARGANTUA 785
14 COLOR PHOTOS OF MARLON BRANDO'S
TAHITIAN TEMPTRESS 789

\$8.00 A YEAR

\$1.00 A COPY

It's All Over Between Mr. Hoboken And His Deltoids!

Muscular Development

JULY 1966

50¢

STEVE REEVES:
The Ugly Whispers About
His Doorway Chinning Bar
Lat-Puiley Shaper

*
ARE DAVE DRAPER'S
ABDOMINALS HEADING
FOR BIG HEADLINES?

*
Mr. Lake Ronkonkomo:
His Strange Passion For
Older Sandow Cable
Pectoral Definers

*
"Mr. America" and
"Miss America"—
Are They Exercising
Together These Days?

*
MRS. CHARLES ATLAS:
"I REFUSE TO SHARE
MY HOME WITH ANOTHER
15-INCH BICEP!"



JACKIE KENNEDY:
Is She Finding A New Life With
A Permanent Forearm Bomber?

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

"Love Is For Emus!" Says Sexpot Goddess Eris

POPULAR CROSSWORDS

"SEX BEFORE
MARRIAGE?
NOT IN MY BOOK!"
Angry Noah Webster
Declares

JULY 35¢

INTRIGUE AT THE
N.Y. TIMES CROSSWORD
PUZZLE DEPARTMENT:

The Night Margaret Farrar
Cried In Bergen Evans' Arms

ISAAC FUNK'S
GREAT FEAR:
"If he ever caught
me cheating while
doing a Crossword
Puzzle, Wagnalls
would kill me!"

SPECIAL BONUS:

Seven Full-Color
Portraits Of
**PETER
ROGET**
Suitable
For Framing



JACKIE KENNEDY:

"Loneliness Is Like A Bitter Vetch!"

WHEN NORM NELSON FOUND GOD IN A ROLLERIZED CAMSHAFT

ROAD & TRACK

JULY 50 cents

Wayne Horning's Secret
Fears For His Unborn

Stock Car

* * * *

CRAIG BREEDLOVE'S

SEARING CONFESSIONS

ABOUT HIS

4-POT MANIFOLD

* * * *

DAN GURNEY:

What His Wife Doesn't Know

About These Long Nights

On The Yucca Salt Flats

* * * *

IS HENRY FORD STILL
CARRYING A TORCH

FOR HIS EDSSEL?

* * * *

"Weird-oh's" Actually
Make Me Nauseous!"

BY "BIG DADDY" ROTH



HAS JACKIE KENNEDY FOUND HAPPINESS
WITH GARLITS DRAGSTER CHASSIS?

U.S. CAMERA

& Travel

JULY 1966 50 CENTS

A Portfolio Of
Recently Discovered
'Naughty' Tintypes
By Mathew Brady

AN OPEN LETTER TO JAMES WONG HOWE:
You Don't Stand A Chinaman's Chance With
JACKIE KENNEDY



The Rumor BELL can't fight: "HOWELL WANTS OUT!"

What goes
on after
they sit
for
Bachrach

Richard
Avedon's
DARKROOM:
The
Honest
Lowdown:

An Intimate
Close-Up Of
GEORGIE
EASTMAN
The Rochester
"Kook"

The Hot
Loves Of
ERNST
LEITZ:
Mrs. Leitz
No Leica!

35 CENTS JULY 18, 1966

U.S. News & World Report

THE GIRL WHO
LANDED DEAN RUSK
But Can She Hold Him?

JACKIE KENNEDY'S HUSH-HUSH TETE-A-TETES WITH HAILE SELASSIE

THE CHIANG KAI-SHEKS:
After Sex—What?

EX-KING SAUD ON MARRIAGE:
"These 22 Are For Keeps!"

Is Fidel Castro Mooning Over
A Chicken That Fled To Miami?

"DADDY'S A REACTIONARY PRUDE!"
How Linda Bird Johnson Sees LBJ

GOLDA MEIR: The Former UN Sexpot U That Can't Stay Neutral About

EXCLUSIVE: 17 FULL-COLOR PICTURES OF J. PAUL GETTY'S WALLET BUSINESS WEEK

July 18, 1966 Fifty Cents

Are Dow And Jones Heading For Heartbreak?

THE NIGHT ELIZABETH ARDEN CRIED IN MAX FACTOR'S ARMS

Merril, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith:

THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM THEY ALL SHARE

Is Henry R. Playing It LUCE?

THE FEELING THAT PEPSI EXEC, JOAN
CRAWFORD KEEPS ALL BOTTLED UP

JACKIE KENNEDY'S NEXT:

One Of The Seven Santini Brothers?



SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're



HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN



Laughing At A GROSS EXAGGERATION



Shrinking From A LOATHESOME TASK



Hatching A SCHEME



Laboring Under An ILLUSION



Recalling An OLD INCIDENT



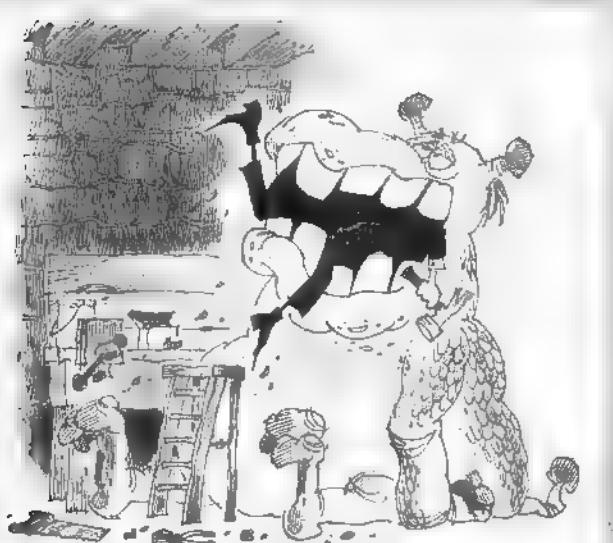
Preserving A FAMILY TRADITION



Troubled By A NAGGING DOUBT



Lodging A COMPLAINT



Losing One's Self In One's WORK



Stretching A POINT

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

MEANWHILE AT THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO



SLIPPED DISCOTHEQUE DEPT.

You screamed at "Hullabaloo"! You shouted at "Shindig"! You shrieked at "Hollywood Au Go Go"! and now you're gonna holler — mainly for your money back — after you read MAD's version of the biggest of the biggies

HULLABADIG AU GO GO

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Live! From the swinging Teenage Center in swinging New York City . . . The Criminal Courts Building . . . it's time for another session of "HULLABADIG AU GO GO"!

With tonight's fabulous guests: "Bob Pencil and The Sharpeners," "Richie Dog and The Fleas," "Little Billy Nose and The Runs," "Hershey Almonds and The Acnes," "The Ridiculous Brothers" . . .

And tonight's special guest star and host—your favorite and mine—Miss Mary Mundane!

That's Murray, you idiot! And it's Mister—not Miss! Are you blind or something? Boy, if I didn't think I'd rip my Bolero Jacket, I'd punch you right in the nose!

Hi, all you Fruggers an' Jerkers an' Watusiers! Right now, I'd like to—

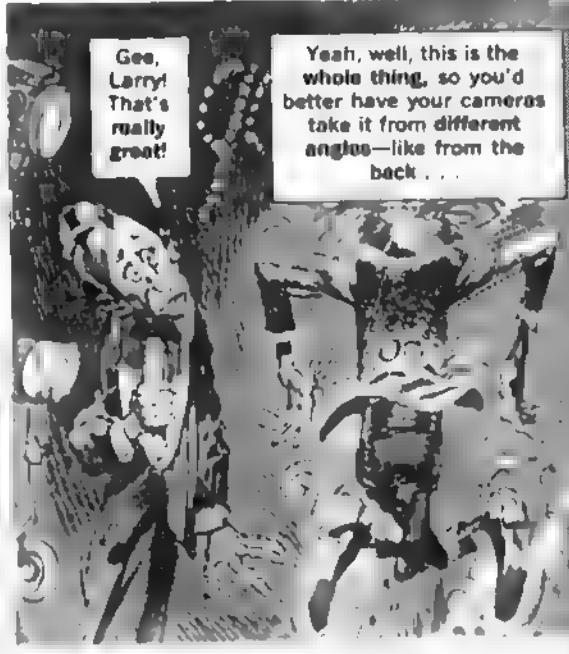
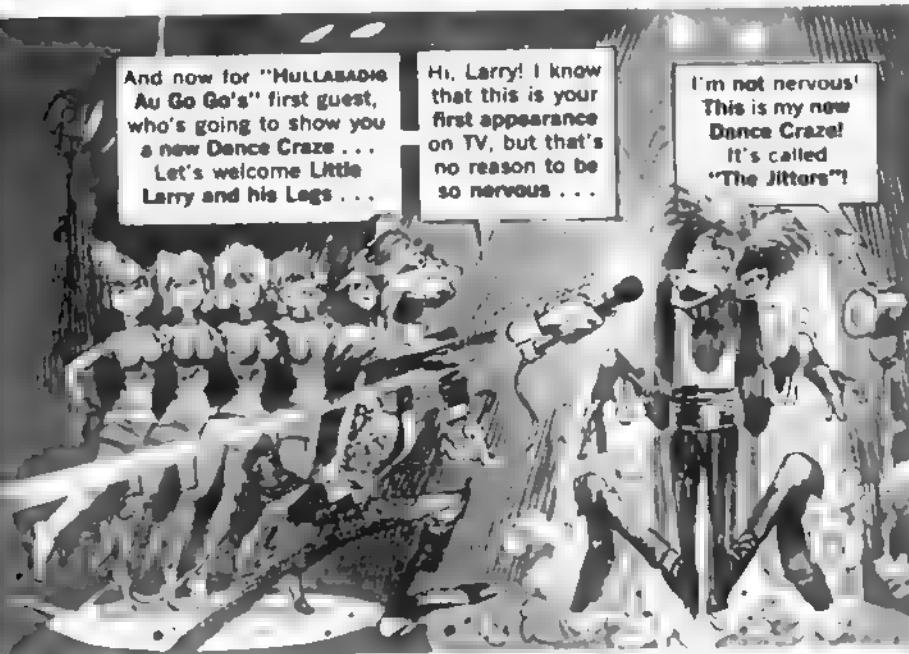


Don't take your love away,
Or I will run away;
And maybe then someday,
When you just want to play—

You'll call my name;
You'll go insane;
You'll feel such pain;
But I'll be in Spain—
So don't take your love a-way!

The reaction is
dying down. We
better let another
cage of mice loose!

Thanks, everybody. Y'know, I don't often
dedicate songs, but I'd like to dedicate
that one to someone in Show Biz that I've
always looked up to—a real slick chick—
Maria Callas! Maria, if you're watching,
sing it out, baby! That was for you! And
maybe someday, we'll be able to do it as
a duet—or maybe even sing it together.



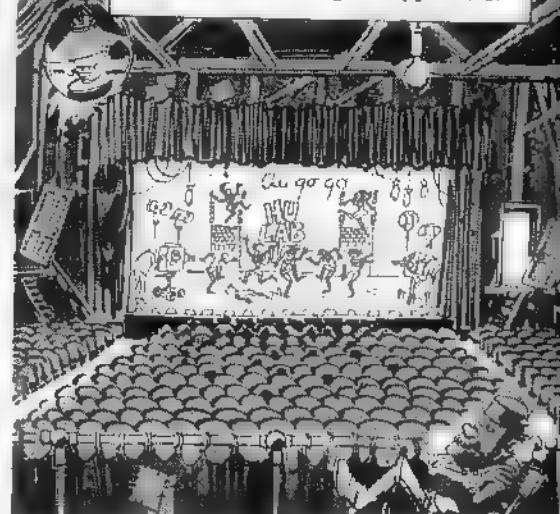
Hold it, guys! Hold it! Your set's still in focus! It's your eyes that just went out!



Now, a shot of only feet! This is a very "arty" shot, and it also doesn't show the Dancers' faces, which are now getting green from nausea . . .

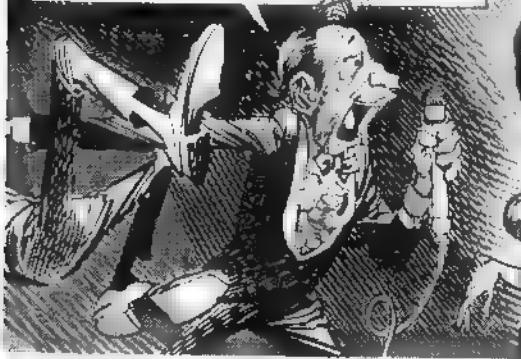


And finally, a long shot from a mile away, which makes this small, dumpy studio look like a big, dumpy studio!



Thank you, Larry. We really have to be moving along . . . because every minute that we lose, another one of our guests standing by fades into oblivion! So—

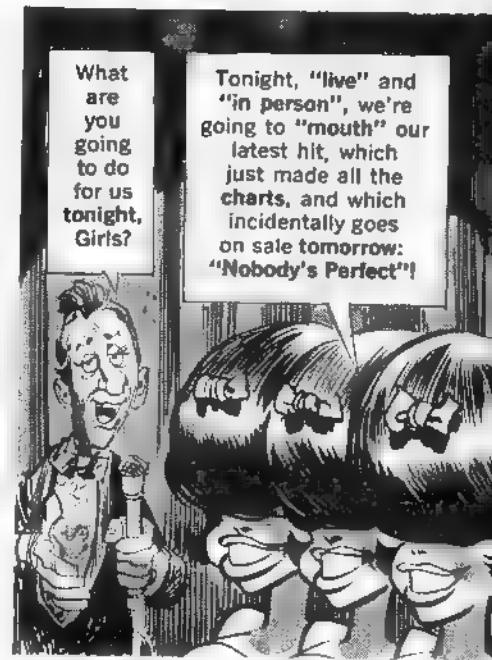
Right now, let's meet a group that has really stood the test of time. They've been on the charts for two consecutive days. And here they are—"The Flatones"!



Thank you, Murray. I'd like to say a few words about our latest album . . . "A Salute To Sal Mineo". It contains all of the wonderful songs that Sal made famous . . . and the rest of the album is filled with the complete soundtrack music from "My Fair Lady", "Lawrence of Arabia" and "Cleopatra".



What are you going to do for us tonight, Girls?



Nobody's perfect!
Not even my Jim!

I know 'cause the cops
Are after him!

He may have robbed,
An' he may have stole!

But after my watch
He took my soul!

No-nobody's perfect!
Not even dear Jim!

But I'm still happy
Going steady
With sweet . . .
Crooked him-m-m!



Thanks. I'd just like to say that, in addition to being a single, "Nobody's Perfect" will also be in our brand new hit album "CPIME AND PASSION AU GO GO"!

Speaking of albums, I hear that you have an album out all by yourself . . .

No, they have an album out all by themselves!

It's called, "Syllables We've Sung", and it contains all the syllables we girls have made famous, including "Boop-bee, boop-bee!" and "Umm-Ummm" and "La, la, la, la, la, la . . ."

We'll be looking forward to it. But right now, we are looking forward to meeting "Johnny Eyeglass and The Spectacles" . . .



Hi, Johnny. I know you guys have a rare blending of voices that I've never heard equalled. How long have you been singing together?

Well, we met five years ago in High School!

And you've been harmonizing ever since?

No . . . we started harmonizing yesterday. It took us five years to find a key we could all sing in!

SCREAM

I wanna shriek!
I wanna cry!
I wanna bawl!
I wanna die!

RIP

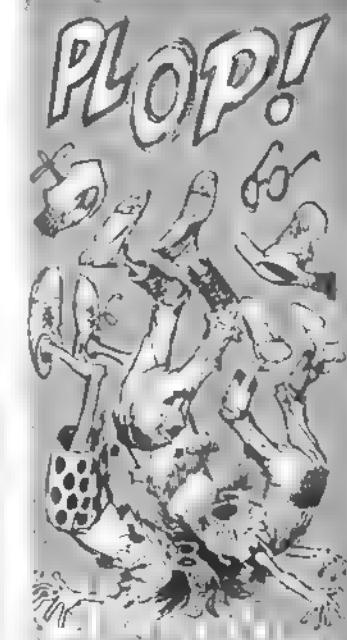
I wanna yelp!
I wanna bark!
I wanna holler
Dawn to dark!

RIP

I wanna YAAHHHH!
I wanna ARRRGCHH!
I wanna AHHHH-H-H-H . . .

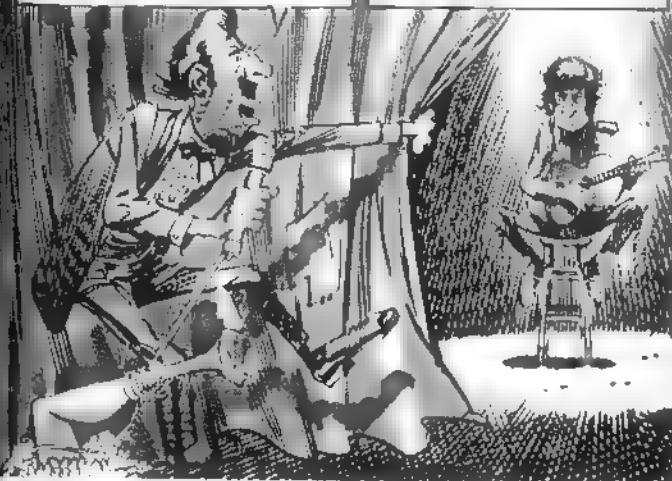
PLOP!

65



That was "Johnny Eyeglass and The Spectacles" with a ballad from their new hit album, "Love Is So Tender".

And now, it's "Folk-Rock" time . . . so let's welcome that wonderful Folk Singer, Feeble Protest . . .



I have seen a lot of war,
An' I have seen a lot of harm;
I have seen a lot of heartbreak,
An' I've seen a dropping bomb!

I have seen fear and hostility,
An' Man's sheer inhumanity;
Yes—I have seen all of these things,
You bet!

That's why I no longer watch
My T . . . V . . . set!



Boy, those wonderful lyrics make it hard for me to speak . . .

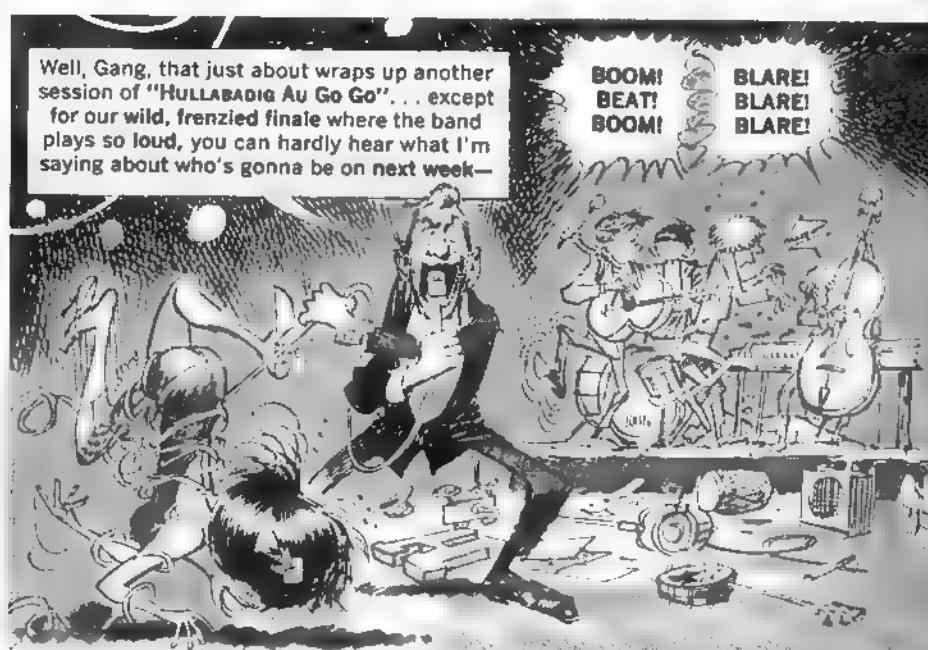
... SO I'LL JUST KEEP ON SHOUTING . . .



Well, Gang, that just about wraps up another session of "HULLABALOO Au Go Go" . . . except for our wild, frenzied finale where the band plays so loud, you can hardly hear what I'm saying about who's gonna be on next week—

BOOM!
BEAT!
BOOM!

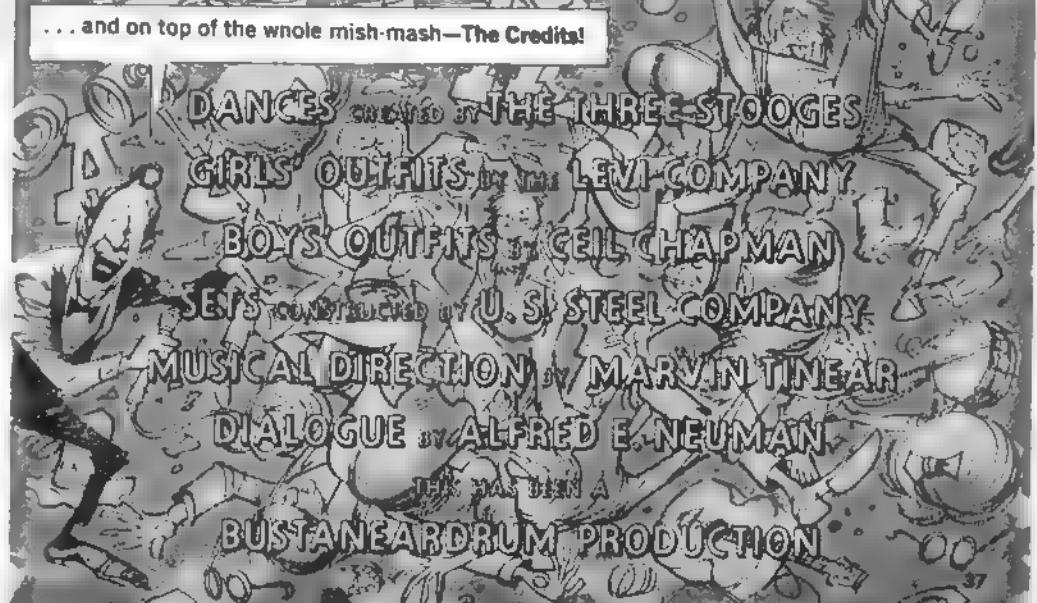
BLARE!
BLARE!
BLARE!



... so you won't want to miss them! An now, for you dirty old men who just got your eyes back into focus, a parting shot of our fabulous "HULLABALOO Au Go Go Dancers" . . .

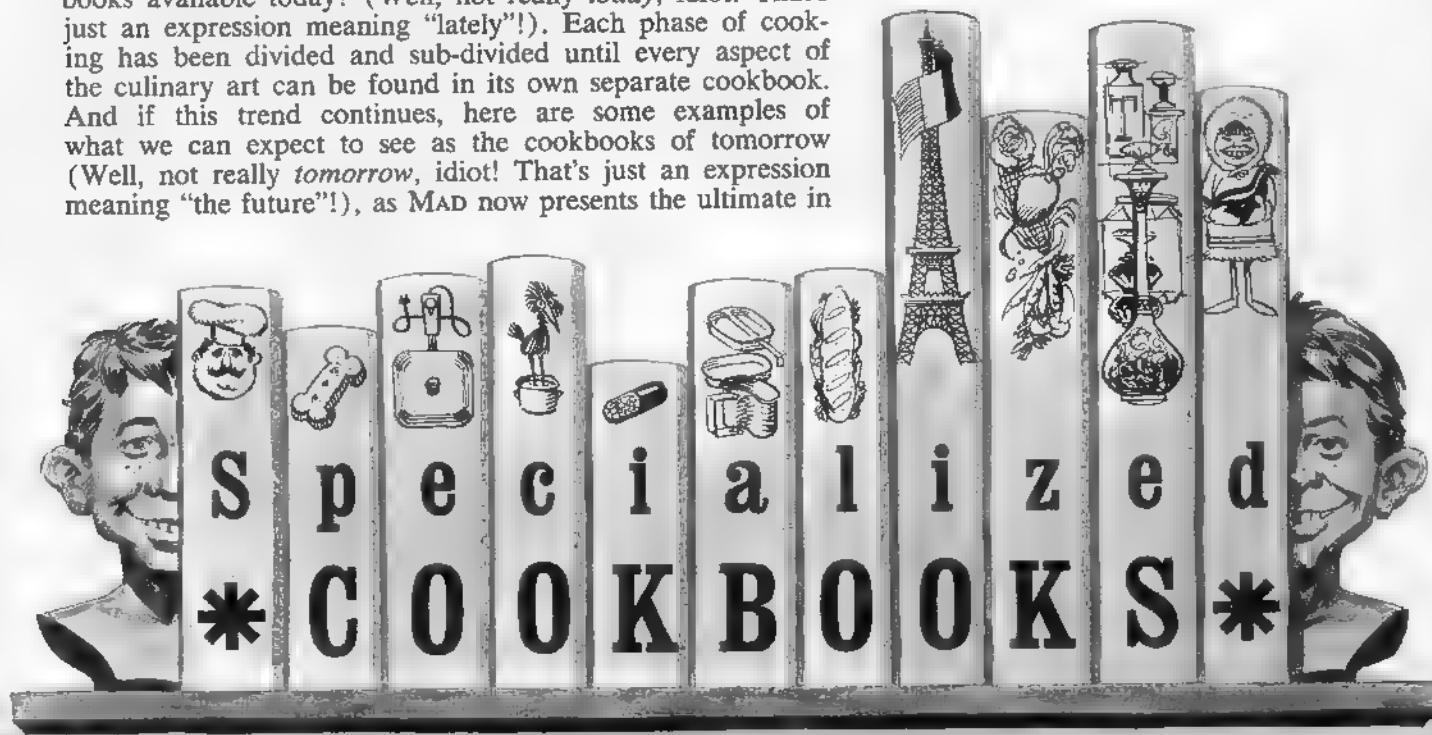


... and on top of the whole mish-mash—The Credits!



RANDOM HASH-HOUSE DEPT.

This is the age of specialization. Remember when you could buy a cookbook that would tell you everything there was to know about cooking? Have you looked at the shelves of cookbooks available today? (Well, not really *today*, idiot! That's just an expression meaning "lately"!). Each phase of cooking has been divided and sub-divided until every aspect of the culinary art can be found in its own separate cookbook. And if this trend continues, here are some examples of what we can expect to see as the cookbooks of tomorrow (Well, not really *tomorrow*, idiot! That's just an expression meaning "the future"!), as MAD now presents the ultimate in



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE LITTLE KIDS' COOKBOOK



\$4.00 WORTH OF LEMONADE
FROM ■ WORTH OF LEMONS

12 Exciting New Ways To
Serve Lollipops For Lunch

HOW MUCH CHOCOLATE ICING
FOR A 10-POUND ROAST BEEF?

How To Store And Retain The
Flavor Of Used Bubble Gum

SIX NEW "NO-SIFT" RECIPES
FOR DELICIOUS MUD PIES

Entertaining That Special
Young Lady Or Young Man
For Five Cents Or Less

COOKING FOR ONE

SELECTING AND PREPARING
A FOUR-OUNCE TURKEY

3 New Recipes For That
Left-Over Turkey

2 New Recipes For That
Left-Over Turkey Left
Over From Them Other
3 Left-Over Recipes

1 New Recipe For That
Left-Over Turkey Ditto,
Ditto, Ditto, And Etc.

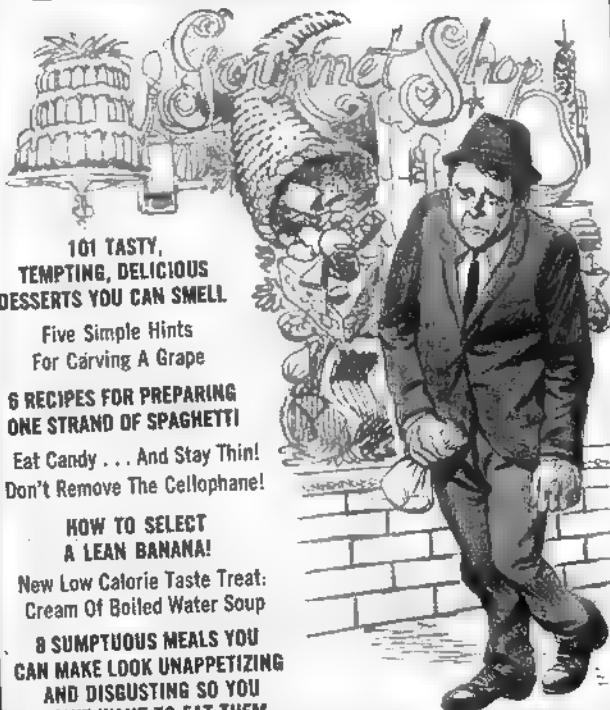
The "How" and "Why" of
Ptomaine Poisoning

RAISIN PIE—WITH 1 RAISIN

How To Make A Delicious
"Happy Birthday" Cupcake



THE DIETER'S COOKBOOK



101 TASTY,
TEMPTING, DELICIOUS
DESSERTS YOU CAN SMELL

Five Simple Hints
For Carving A Grape

6 RECIPES FOR PREPARING
ONE STRAND OF SPAGHETTI

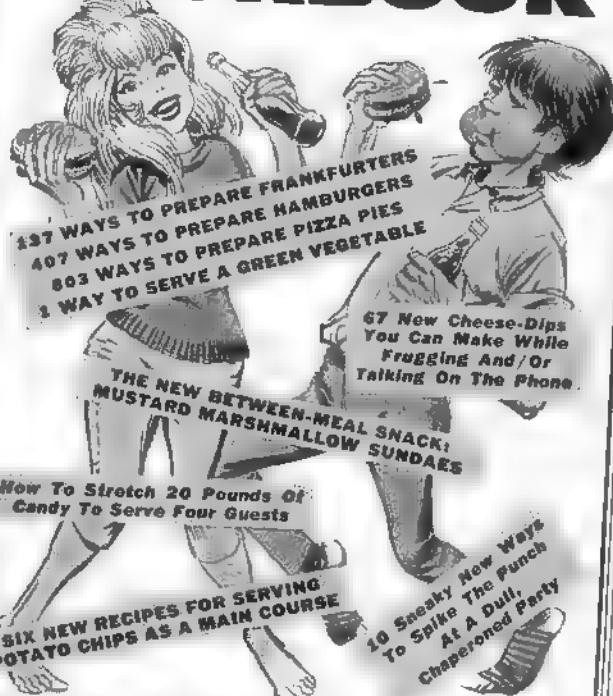
Eat Candy . . . And Stay Thin!
Don't Remove The Cellophane!

HOW TO SELECT
A LEAN BANANA!

New Low Calorie Taste Treat:
Cream Of Boiled Water Soup

8 SUMPTUOUS MEALS YOU
CAN MAKE LOOK UNAPPETIZING
AND DISGUSTING SO YOU
WON'T WANT TO EAT THEM

THE TEEN-AGE COOKBOOK



127 WAYS TO PREPARE FRANKFURTERS
407 WAYS TO PREPARE HAMBURGERS

803 WAYS TO PREPARE PIZZA PIES
1 WAY TO SERVE A GREEN VEGETABLE

67 New Cheese-Dips
You Can Make While
Frogging And/Or
Talking On The Phone

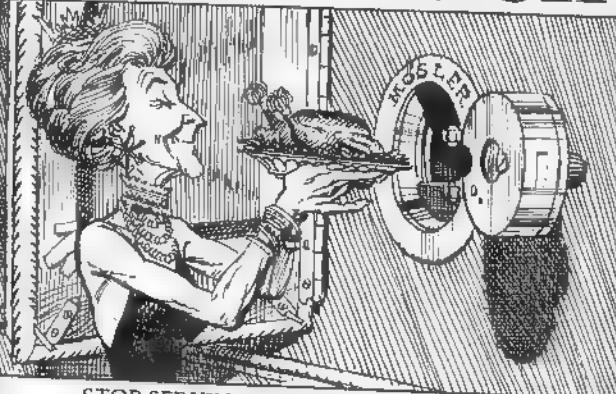
THE NEW BETWEEN-MEAL
MUSTARD MARSHMALLOW SNACK!

How To Stretch 20 Pounds Of
Candy To Serve Four Guests

SIX NEW RECIPES FOR SERVING
POTATO CHIPS AS A MAIN COURSE

10 Sneaky New Ways
To Spike The Punch
At A Dull,
Chaperoned Party

COOKING FOR THE FILTHY RICH



STOP SERVING THOSE SAME OLD TIRED
BREAKFASTS OF LOBSTER TAILS AND STEAK!

How To Serve Leg Of Mink Without Having
The Family Say, "What . . . Again?!"

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING
—MADE WITH REAL ISLANDS

What To Serve At Intimate Gatherings (Under 500 People)

HOW TO HAVE YOUR COOK COOK A GOOSE

HOW TO COOK YOUR COOK'S GOOSE
FOR OVER-COOKING YOUR GOOSE

Left-Over Dishes A Problem? Buy A Set For Every Meal!

THE SERVICEMAN'S COOKBOOK



FIVE NEW RECIPES FOR MAKING
TENDER MEAT INTO LEATHER

Save That Dirty Dishwater!
It Makes Great Gravy Stock!

HOW TO MAKE ARMY-TYPE
COFFEE FROM FRESH GROUND
(AND FROM STALE SOIL, TOO!)

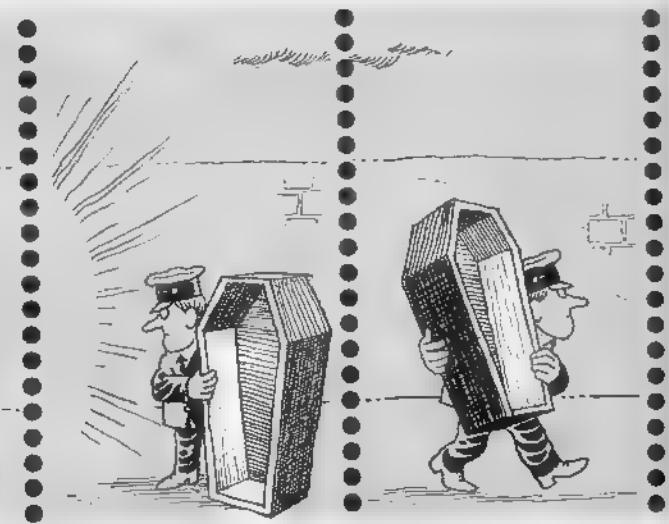
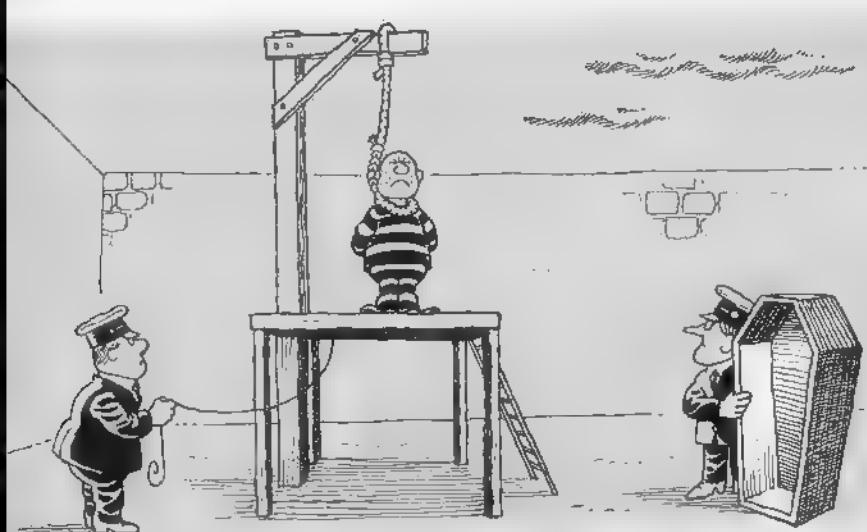
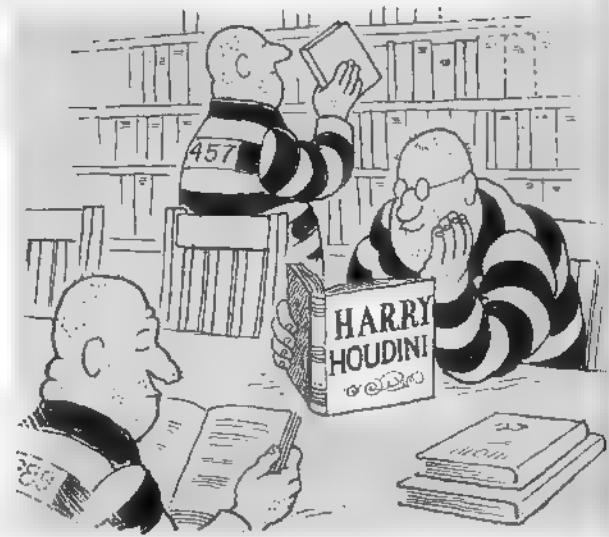
S.O.S.—More Than Just
A Distress Signal

PREPARING A SEVEN-COURSE
DINNER IN JUST ONE POT—
AT THE SAME TIME!

Serve Him His Meals In The
Manner He's Accustomed To:
In The Backyard. In The Rain.
With A Bent Knife, A Rusty
Fork And A Dirty Spoon

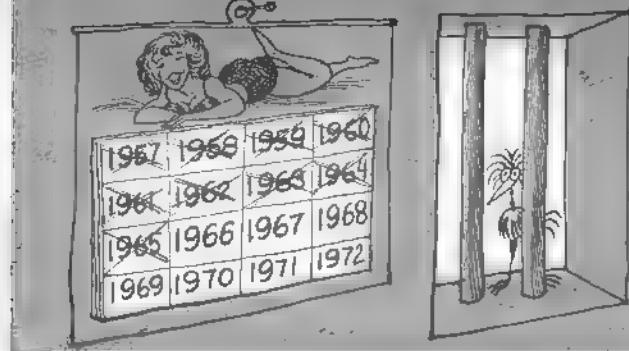
CANNED LAUGHTER DEPT.

A MAD Look At

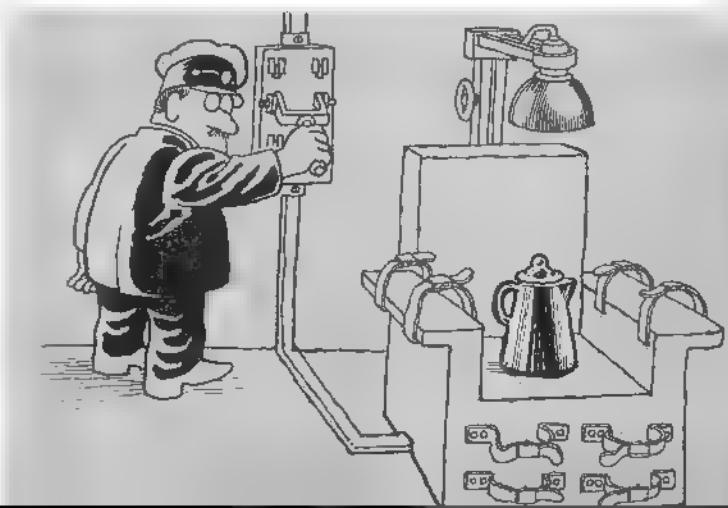
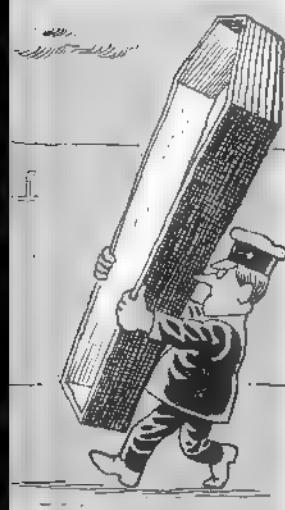
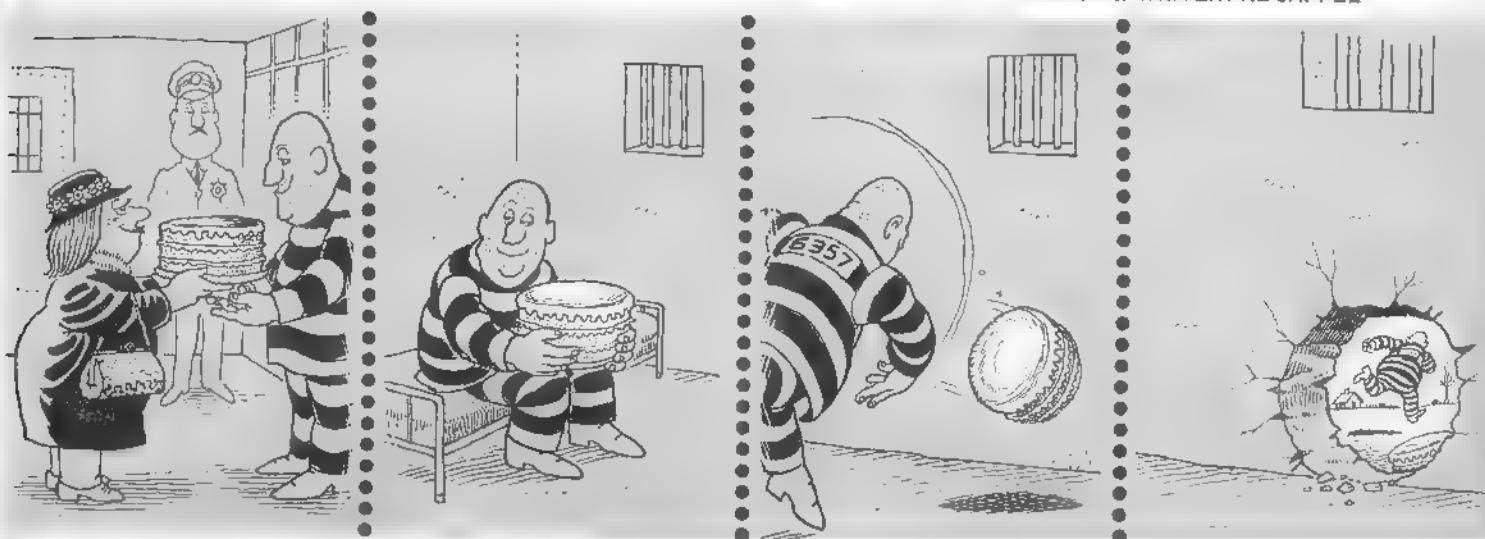


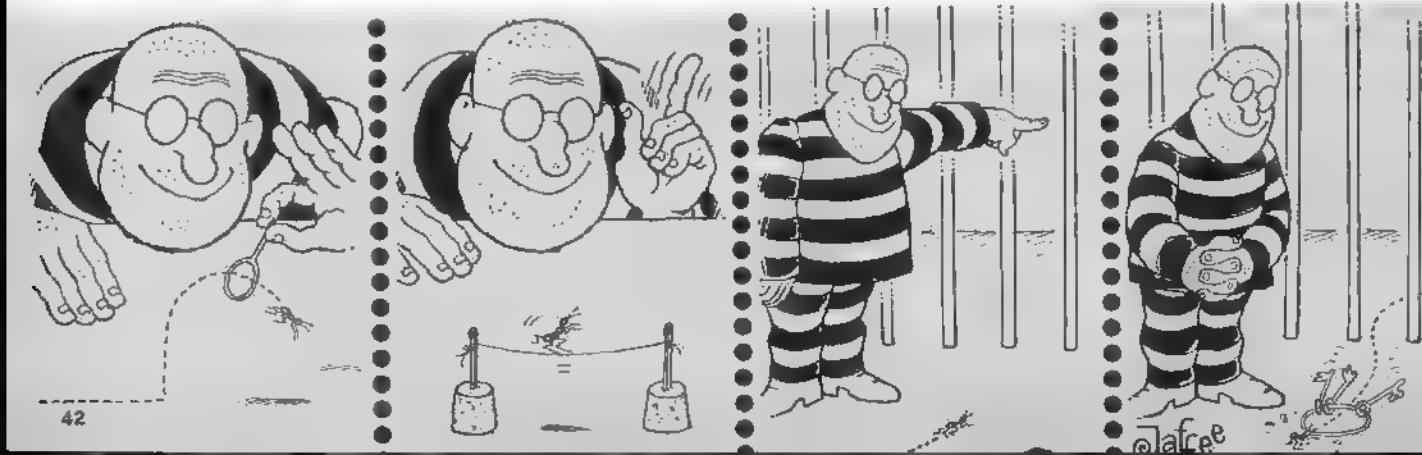
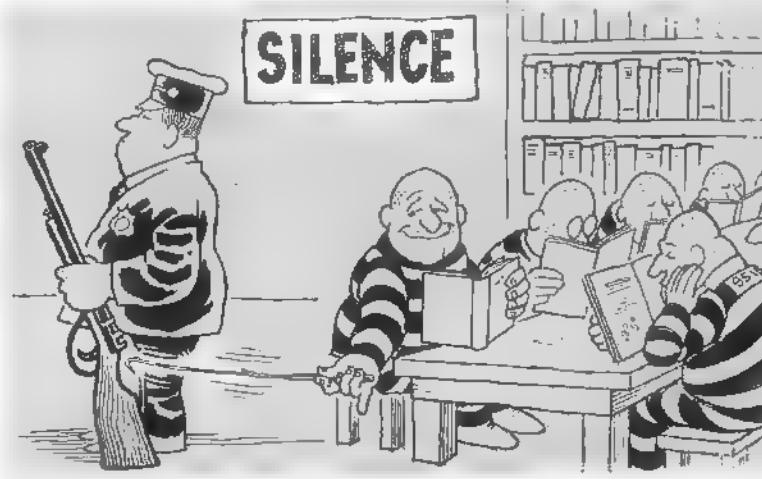
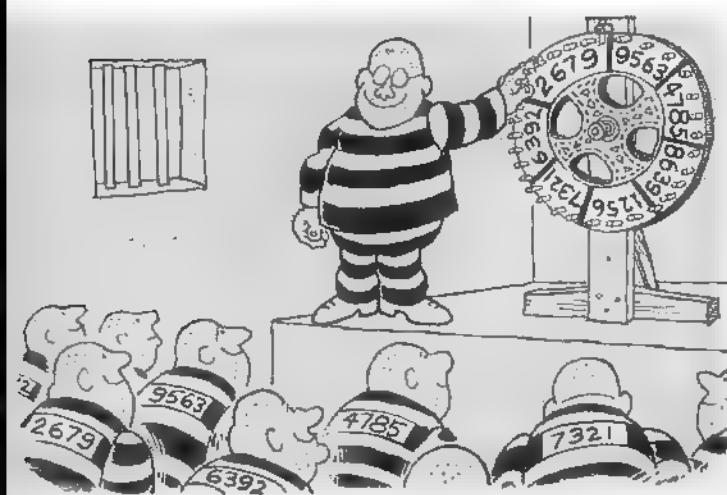
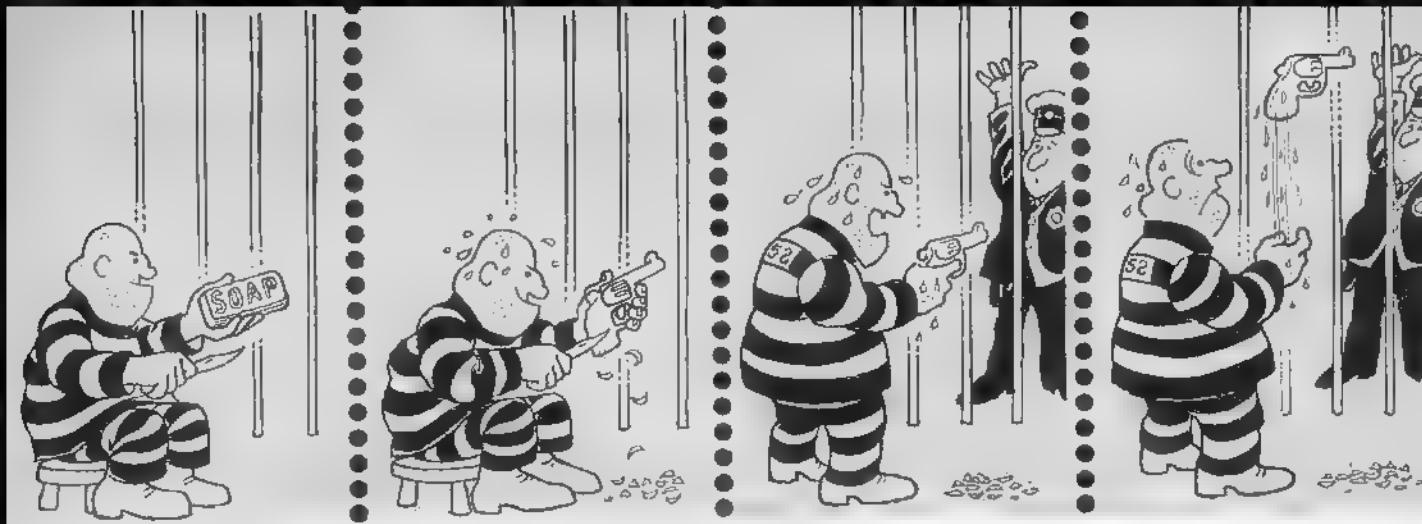


Shut-Ins



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE





IRON CURTAIN-CALL DEPT.

Are you sick of preposterous "Secret Agent" movies? Are you tired of seeing the same old "Good-Guy-Bad-Guy" plots, the same old trite "tongue-in-cheek" dialogue, the same old sexy girls? (So, maybe there are *some* things you haven't gotten tired of!) Well, enjoy 'em while you can. Sure, they're corny and infantile and badly done. But at least they're *understandable*! It seems that there's no happy medium. The other day, we finally saw a "Secret Agent" thriller that was supposed to be "well-done"! But it was so involved and so complex that no one could figure out what it was all about. Here is MAD'S version of:

THE SPY THAT CAME IN FOR THE GOLD

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN



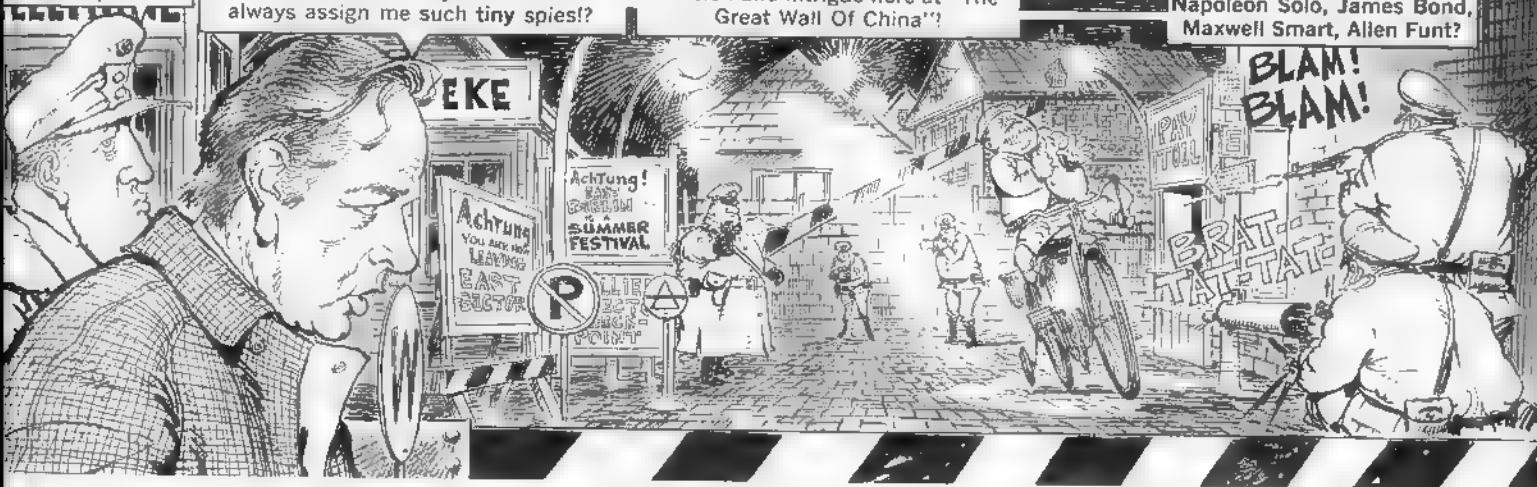
Gee, tough luck, Mr. Lummoxy! That's the fifth one of your agents to be shot trying to pass through this checkpoint!

The idiot! He's riding a "28-Schwinn"! I distinctly told him: For getaways at The Wall, use a "Racing Bike"! Besides! How did he expect to make it? Even with those training blocks, his feet don't reach the pedals! Why must Control always assign me such tiny spies?

It's always something! Last month, one of my Agents was killed coming through here because he forgot to have his hand stamped! There's no getting away from the danger, tension and intrigue here at "The Great Wall Of China"!

But this isn't "The Great Wall Of China"! This is "The Berlin Wall"!

Listen, this picture is so involved, who has the time to remember names of Walls! Oh, why couldn't I play a less complex role—like one of those other famous spies: Napoleon Solo, James Bond, Maxwell Smart, Alien Funt?



Because they don't get a million dollars plus a percentage of the gross like you do! That's why you're called "The Spy That Came In For The Gold"! By the way—what should I do with the body?

Leave it! Under the terms of the Geneva Convention, they get possession of the Spy—and we get possession of the Bicycle! I've got enough now to open a store!

I've got a new assignment for you, Lummoxy! It's a plot to trap your worst enemy!

Not him! It's a man called Mondt—the brutal, vicious, East German, ex-Nazi, Aryan, Nordic, blonde beast Counter-Spy that's been murdering all of our agents!

Look, nobody's perfect! We can't all be "Mr. Nice Guy"!



Our plan is for you to slowly go to seed. You will let your life and your career slip downhill, drink heavily, and become embittered!

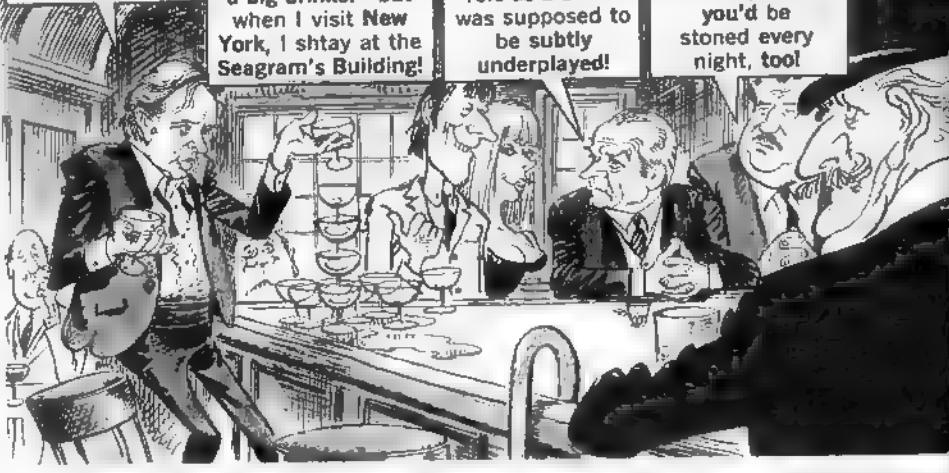
It's too late! I believe that happened to me already—when I married Elizabeth!

Volare!
Oh, oh!
Cantare!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Nel blu del
pinto del blu—

I wanna shay that I drank sho mush lash night—when I woke up thish morning, my hair hurt! I wouldn't shay I'm a big drinker—but when I visit New York, I shtay at the Seagram's Building!

Isn't he over-acting a bit with that Dean Martin impersonation? I thought this role as a drunk was supposed to be subtly underplayed!

That's not over-acting! That's him! If you had to study a part in a plot this involved and complicated, you'd be stoned every night, too!



What kind of a job do you have for an embittered, seedy, run-down drunkard with a gorgeous speaking voice?

Well, with those qualifications, we have openings for: "A Daytime TV Quiz Show Master of Ceremonies", "A London Weather Forecaster", "A Mod Clothing Salesman" and "An Assistant Librarian"...

You've been here three weeks, Mr. Lummox, and you've been avoiding me. Is it because I'm a member of the Communist Party? Is it because we believe in diametrically opposed economic, political and sociological theories? Is it . . . is it bad breath?

Those things don't matter, Nana! It's just that I'm afraid you'll discover the real truth about me . . .

If you're talking about the fact that you borrowed "National Velvet" over a year ago, that you still haven't returned it, and that you owe nearly Six Pounds in Overdue Late Charges—forget it! I already know that about you!



Alex—can I ask you something very personal about us?

Go right ahead, Nana—

Is this just a Cold War thing, or will you call me in peacetime?

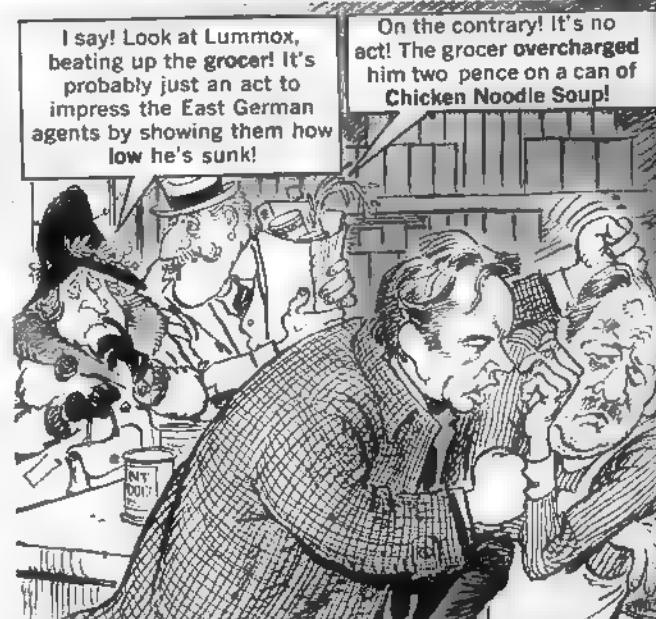
It's hard to say! In my position, I can't make any long distance plans!

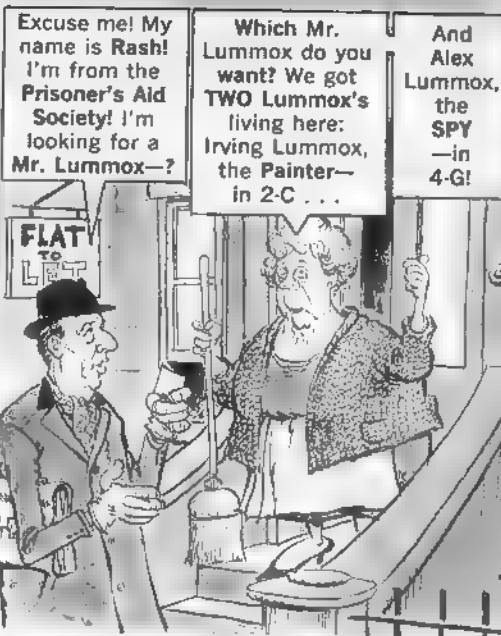
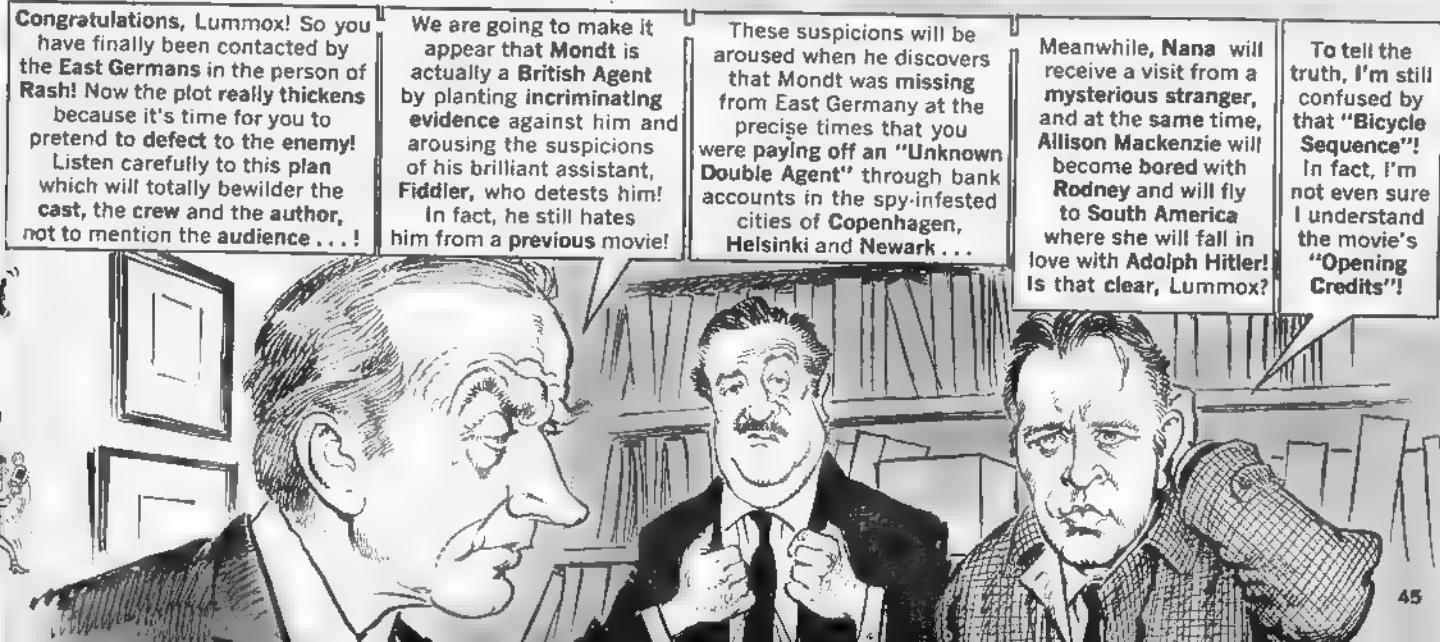
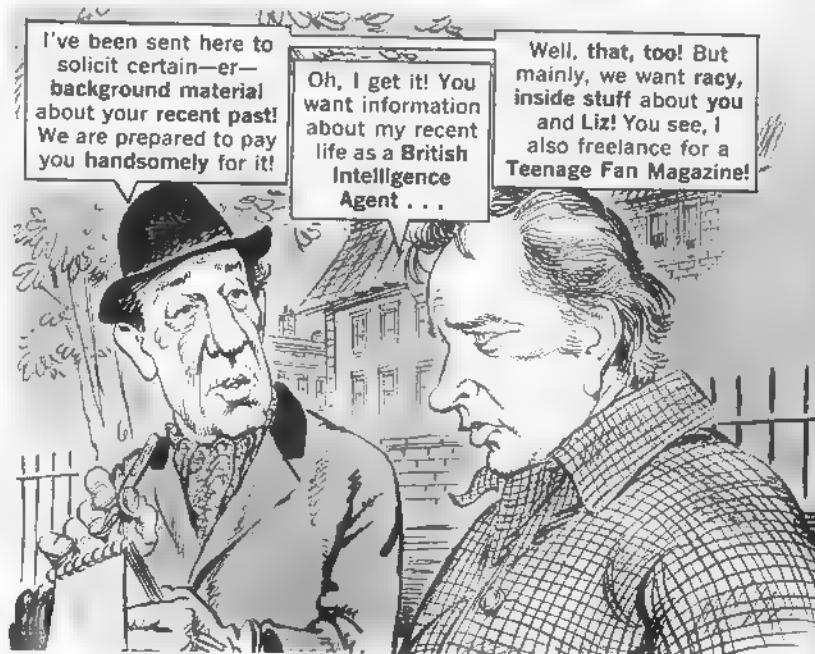
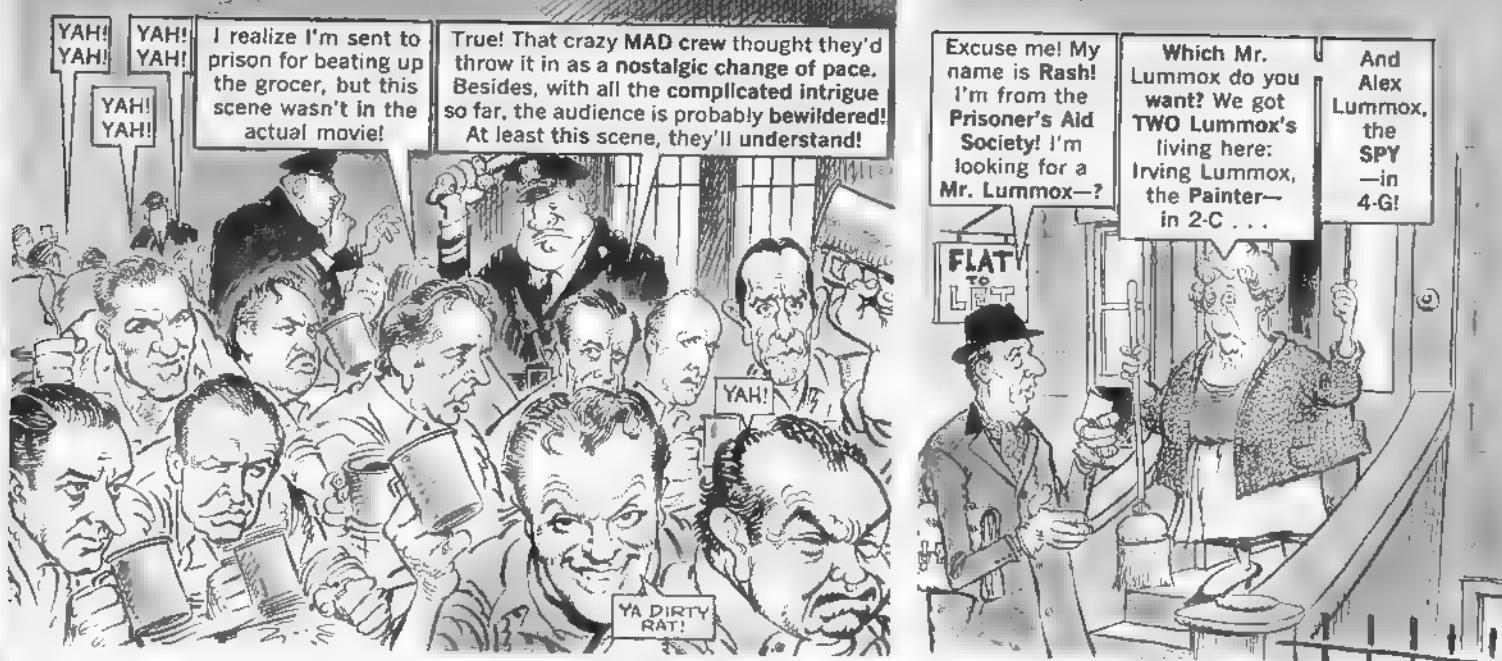
You mean from year to year?

No, I mean from scene to scene! I'm too confused by the script!

I say! Look at Lummox, beating up the grocer! It's probably just an act to impress the East German agents by showing them how low he's sunk!

On the contrary! It's no act! The grocer overcharged him two pence on a can of Chicken Noodle Soup!





And Alex Lummox, the SPY—in 4-G!

Well, that, too! But mainly, we want racy, inside stuff about you and Liz! You see, I also freelance for a Teenage Fan Magazine!

To tell the truth, I'm still confused by that "Bicycle Sequence"! In fact, I'm not even sure I understand the movie's "Opening Credits"!

Meanwhile, Nana will receive a visit from a mysterious stranger, and at the same time, Allison Mackenzie will become bored with Rodney and will fly to South America where she will fall in love with Adolph Hitler! Is that clear, Lummox?

I realize that we're meeting to make final arrangements for my defection, but why pick a crummy place like this with a sleazy strip-tease going on in the background?

Because we're about to talk dull, involved intrigue again, and this is Paramount's sneaky way of giving the audience something they can follow—instead of getting bored stiff!

Where are you taking me?

Holland? I don't want to go to Holland! I want to go to Switzerland!

To Holland for interrogation!

Switzerland? Why Switzerland?

I like to be near my money!

All right, Lummox, we'll see whether your information is worth anything to us...

What was the cover name for your East Berlin operation?

It was called "Operation Rolly Polly Stone"!

Who were the agents working with you in this operation?

Reimack, Freebush, Hart, Schaffner, Marx and Shlepperman!

And what material did Karl Reimack hand over to you?

Top Secret East German Security System information, preserved on microfilm—the Minutes of the last Praesidium meeting, written in crayola on 8½ by 11 loose-leaf paper—and a large bundle!

And what was in the bundle?

His laundry! He just can't stand those Laundromats in East Berlin, so he has it done on our side!

Thank you, Lummox. Your information has been very useful!

How much is all this information worth to you?

To me? Oh—about \$1.37!

Only \$1.37? But aren't you Meters, the East German interrogator... checking on me?

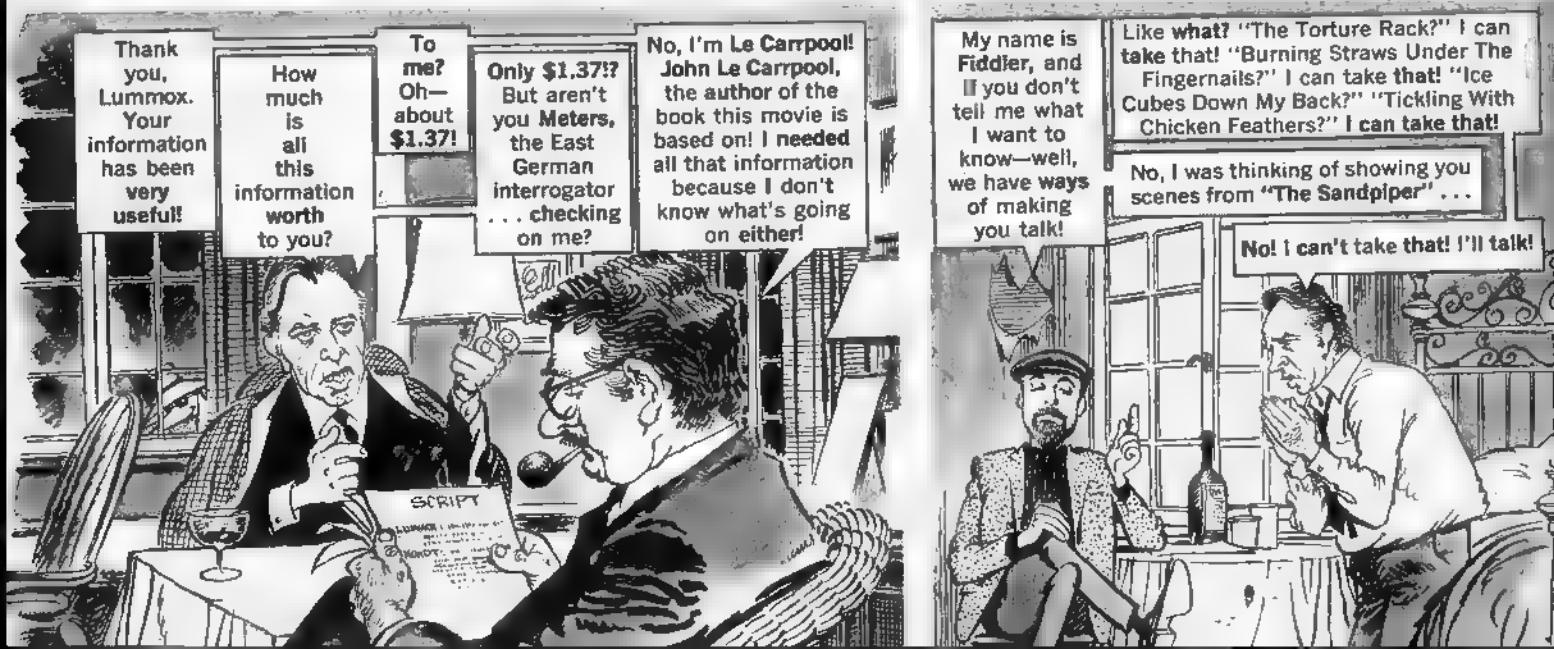
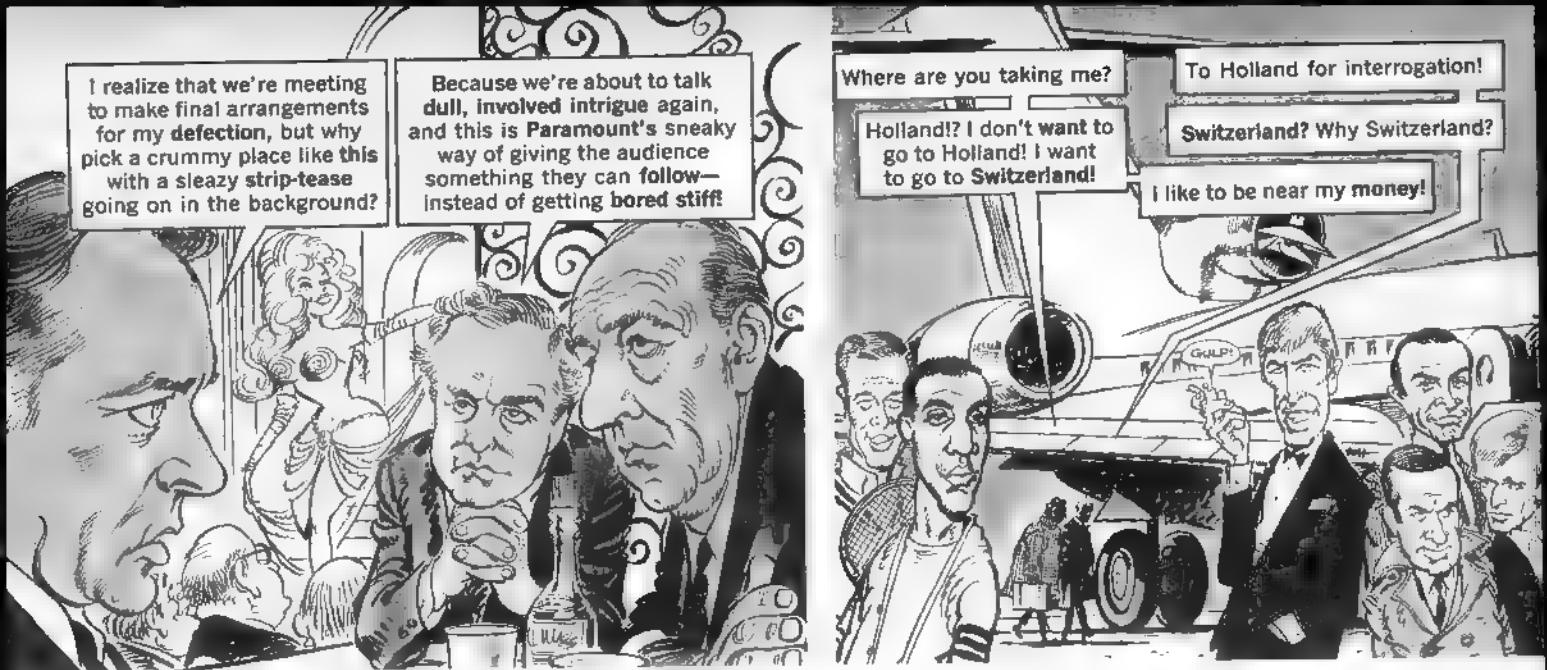
No, I'm Le Carrpool. John Le Carrpool, the author of the book this movie is based on! I needed all that information because I don't know what's going on either!

My name is Fiddler, and if you don't tell me what I want to know—well, we have ways of making you talk!

Like what? "The Torture Rack?" I can take that! "Burning Straws Under The Fingernails?" I can take that! "Ice Cubes Down My Back?" "Tickling With Chicken Feathers?" I can take that!

No, I was thinking of showing you scenes from "The Sandpiper"...

No! I can't take that! I'll talk!



... and our East German Agent had large sums of money deposited in his name in various banks!

Really?
How
much
money?

Would you believe it if I told you: \$1,750,000 in four International Banks?

I'd find that very hard to believe!

Would you believe \$350,000 in TWO International Banks?

No!

How about \$1.75 in a School Savings Account?



Hi, fellows! I'm Hans Mondt, the brutal, handsome, proud, arrogant, Aryan, ex-Nazi head of the East German Secret Service—TAKE THAT!

AND YOU ... TAKE THAT!!



What did you punch Lummxox and Fiddler each in the mouth for?

For "Comedy Relief"! This movie could use a good laugh! A punch in the mouth is a refreshing change of pace from all those dull and depressing "talk" scenes!

You know, I'm beginning to suspect that Mondt is an enemy agent—working for the British!

Oh? What makes you say that? Is it the subtle hints I've been dropping about strange bank accounts and withdrawals that coincide exactly with Mondt's sudden visits to the neutral nations where these accounts are located?

No, it's his crazy habit of having everyone get up before a Communist Party meeting and sing "God Save The Queen"!



The Supreme Court of The Praesidium of the Republic of East Germany will come to order! Anyone caught coughing will be shot to death—and anyone caught talking out of turn will really be in big trouble!

The Court will now review the various accusations!

Item one ... Comrade Fiddler has accused Comrade Mondt of being a British Intelligence Agent!

Item two ... Comrade Mondt has accused Comrade Fiddler of being the victim of a hoax, and being a traitor to East Germany!

And Alex Lummxox has accused his Hollywood agent of getting him involved in a picture so complex—so beyond human comprehension—that it may "bomb" at the box office ... thus affecting his percentage of the gross receipts!



I have conclusive proof that Mondt is an enemy of the State and is working for the British:

One: The dates he traveled to Helsinki were the exact dates that withdrawals were made by an unknown British Agent ...

Two: He attends all of the NATO meetings!

Three: He is President of a Laurence Harvey Fan Club!

And four: He was seen last week dressed in dirty blue jeans and sneakers, carrying a "U.S.—Stay In Vietnam" sign, and burning his East German Draft Card!

For my defense, I will now resort to a movie cliché! For the 1487th time in motion pictures, I call to the stand ... a surprise witness ... Nana Perrywinkle!

I object! Under the Law, especially in California and France, a mistress is not allowed to testify against her lover!

Objection overruled!



... and then I was visited by a man named Smedley who paid my rent. He said he was a friend of Alex's!

Smedley is an agent working with Lummox! Which proves that Lummox did not defect! It was all an act—a plot to incriminate me!

Then if it was a plot to incriminate Mondt, why didn't London stop Smedley? What were they trying to do—sabotage their own operation? I'm all confused!

Alex, who's on trial here? What's this all about? I'm all confused!

Don't ask me! I'm still trying to figure out the opening "Bicycle Sequence"!

Guard, can you tell us what's going on here?

Are you kidding? I'm still trying to figure out why you beat up that grocer!



Quick, Lummox! Don't ask any questions! Just take this film and swallow it!

Why are you doing this? Is it because it's the one spy film cliché we haven't used? Or is it because this film contains valuable secret information?

Neither! It contains 40 feet of film from this picture with actual understandable dialogue—and if it gets out, we're in serious trouble!

Gee, I can understand shooting the girl as she escaped over the Wall—but why did we shoot Alex Lummox?

Producer's orders! You know that film Mondt slipped him? It contained a detailed explanation of the plot! So we had to kill him! He was the only one who finally understood the movie!



**WHAT
AWESOME
BEAST
THREATENS
UNWARY
CAMPERS
EVERY
YEAR?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Last year, millions of campers and hunters were threatened by a fierce creature. This year, the hideous beast is again expected to pounce upon unwary people as they flock to forests and parks to enjoy the great outdoors. For a look at this disgusting monster, fold in page as shown above.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



SMOLDERING, BURNING, ANGRY EYES ARE THE KEY
TO THE IDENTITY OF THE FIERCE BEAST
THAT PUTS A DAMPER ON THE FUN FOR PEOPLE
BY THE MILLIONS WHO GO CAMPING EVERY YEAR



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

